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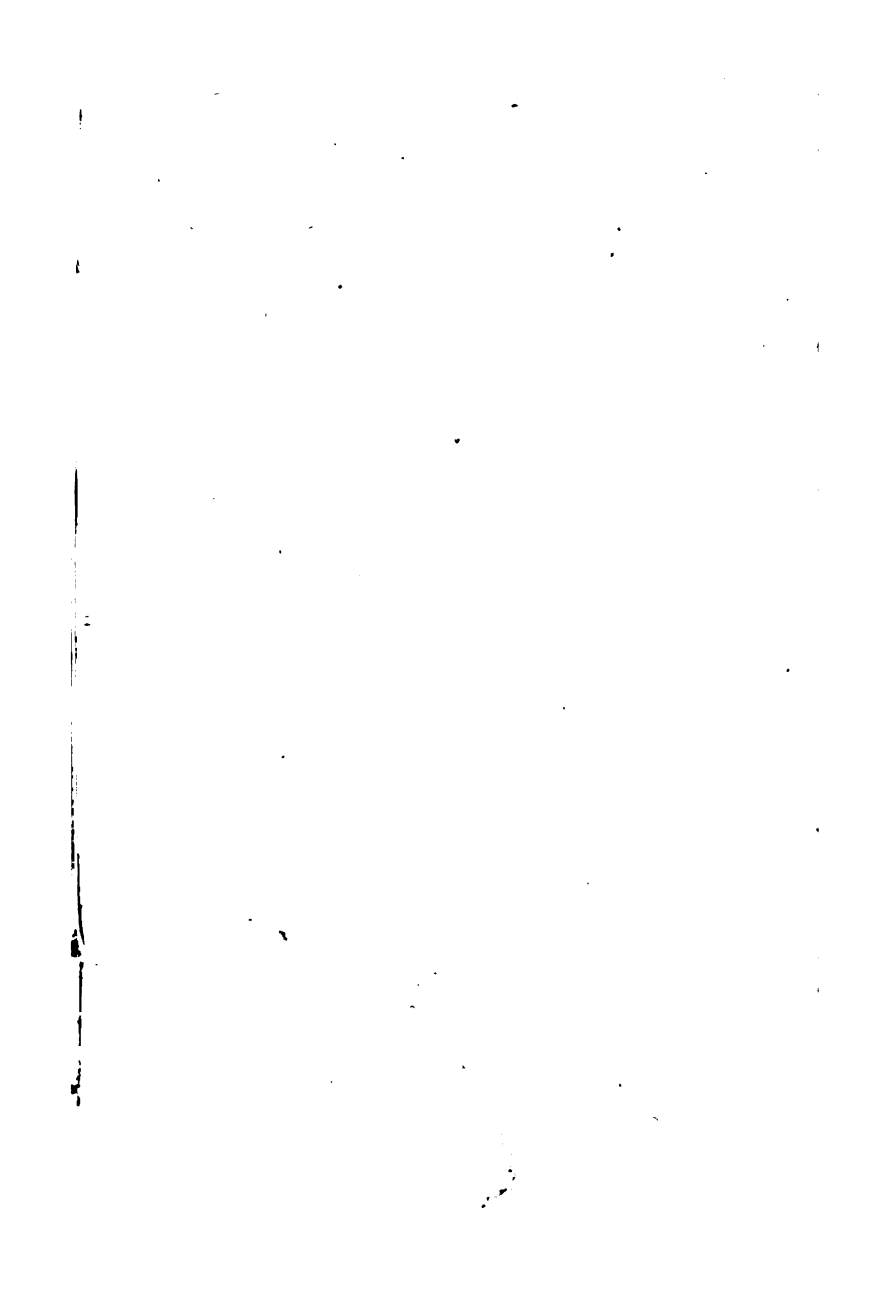
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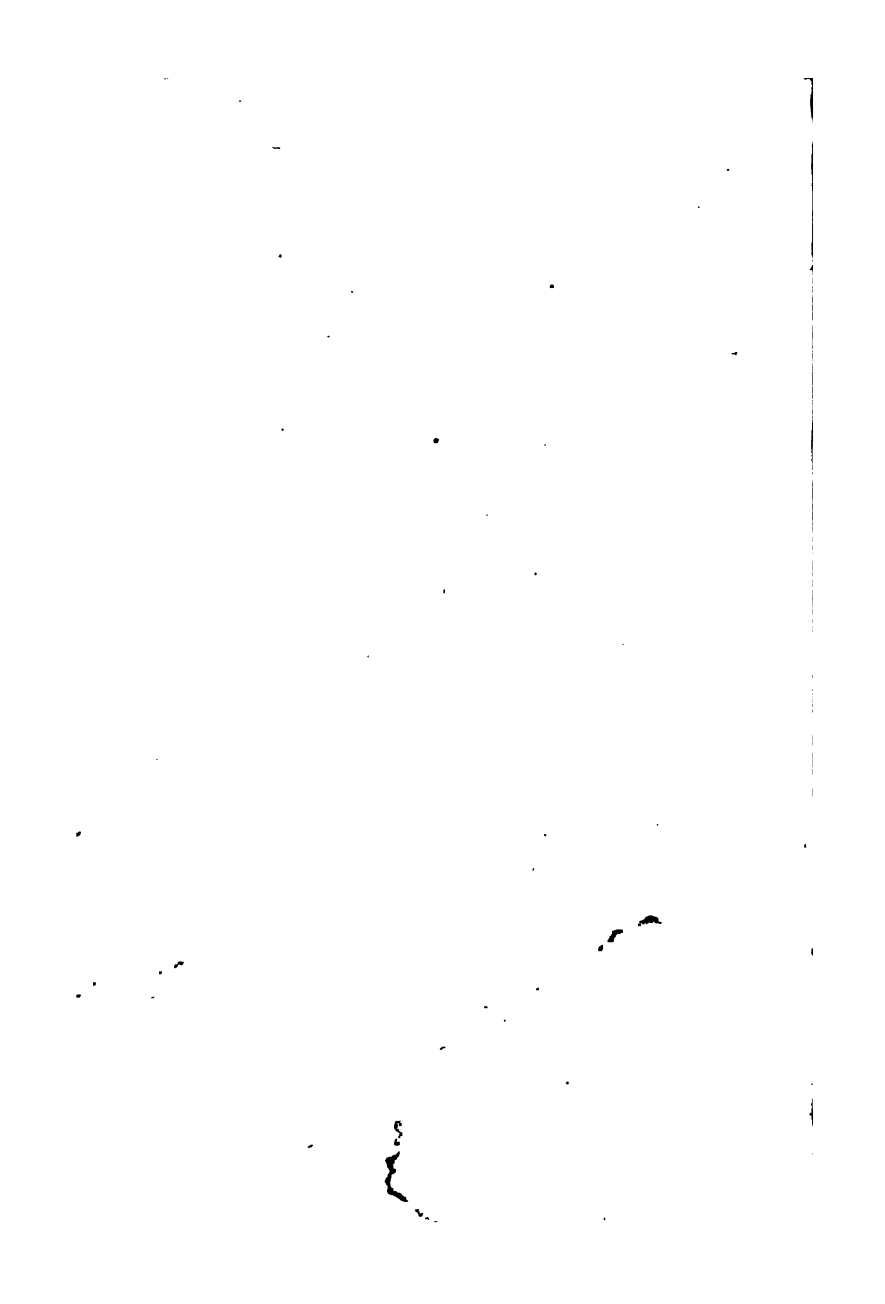
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SKETCHES
OF THE
LIFE AND TIMES

OF
ELD. ARIEL KENDRICK.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

THIRD EDITION.

WINDSOR, VT.
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INTRODUCTION.

IN the first edition of my small book, I tendered to the public a short introduction ; to which, in the second, I added a few words. The two former editions have had a sale and run beyond my expectation ; and judging by the past, I think I can dispose of a third.

I will now state what I was sorry I omitted in my introduction to the first edition :

Being in worldly circumstances rather low, I had a faint hope that I might in my advanced age better my condition by the avails of my book, at least in a small degree. For the sale of the book I look principally to my own denomination, with whom I have enjoyed a happy, a pleasing acquaintance for many years ; first with the fathers and mothers, (most of whom have fallen asleep) and more recently with their children, whom I "*love for their fathers' sakes.*" The alacrity with which they have patronized me in my first and second editions, excites emotions of gratitude, and at the same time gives assurance in advance that they will, as respects my third, treat me kindly, and be pleased with my little book in measure quite up to its worth, and even beyond ; and so not call it "*Cabul,*" a name which Hiram gave to the cities which King Solomon gave him. I have not the vanity to think that my work is stamped with merit, and that I lay my readers under any obligation by its publication. Nay, such a thought is far from

me. Nor have I, nor do I expect patronage because my patrons either had or have high anticipations of a meritorious performance. But yet I believe my readers will have a measure of satisfaction in tracing lines and listening to thoughts from him who is their sincere friend ; whose intellect, heart, and hand have been exercised three score and sixteen years ; and of course may with propriety say, with Barzilla of old, "How long have I to live?"

There are but few men of ordinary genius, having escaped the arrows of death until they are pressed with a weight of years, but what can, if they have been but moderately wise observers of men, principles, and events, gather up and commit to paper things which may be interesting to those disposed to read such a production.

The writer is now advanced in life, and, according to nature's sovereign course, must soon pronounce his valedictory, and bid all his Christian friends a long farewell, wishing them grace, mercy, and peace.

If my age spake favorably and usefully for me in getting off the former editions, my vantage ground now will surpass the former, inasmuch as I am now pressed with several years which then had not overtaken me. Lord Pitt, when young, and in debate in Parliament with an aged lord, said that age always brought one privilege with it, viz : that of being supercilious and impudent, without punishment. But I can say in sincerity, that for me, age has secured a measure of candor, courtesy, and friendship, which, when reviewed, will tenderly affect me until the organ of memory shall be palsied in death. And I shall here venture to say, that with increasing years, I have endeavored to treat my brethren, one and all, respectfully, rather than impudently. And now that all who read may seek and find the path which the Savior trod, is the prayer of their humble servant.

A. K.

LIFE AND TIMES OF
ELD. ARIEL KENDRICK.

I was born in the town of Coventry, Conn., in the year 1772. My father, Ebenezer Kendrick, married Anne Davenport. I was the third of eight children. My parents lived in the parish of the Rev. D. D. Huntington, a man of great learning and splendid talents. He held his standing in the orthodox church from his youth until his death, which was at an advanced age. After his decease, a treatise in favor of Universalism was found in his study, with an order in his will for its publication, which was carried into effect. But his people were so much astonished and disgusted with this development of his hypocrisy, that his work did not meet a very cordial reception. Dr. Strong, of Hartford, reviewed the posthumous volume, and doubtless unhinged his fallacious arguments.

When I was at the age of five years, my father, grandfather, Nathaniel Kendrick, and Lemuel Dowe, emigrated to Hanover, N. H., a place at that time little else than a howling wilderness; containing wild beasts, double the number of both the inhabitants and domestic animals together, which were a great annoyance.

Our company, for a season, all occupied one log cabin. Most of the buildings were constructed with logs; and to this day, when I see such a house, it calls up an association of thoughts and feelings, pleasant and affecting. The fire places were generally from six to eight feet wide; and as the dwellings were cold and clothing scarce, the wood which was plenty, was used unsparingly. In the winter, the last thing before retiring to rest, was to fill the chimney and make a lordly fire, to drive back the cold and keep them comfortable during the night. Should it be asked if there was not danger of the houses taking fire and consuming the unconscious inmates, I answer there was; but as persons suffering with the heat are not afraid of the cold, so those in danger of freezing do not fear the heat.

About one year after our emigration to Hanover, my grandfather met with a painfully shocking death. On a very windy night he was in great fear that a tree standing near should fall upon the house, and they should perish in the ruins. He therefore, the next morning, proposed that it be cut down. Accordingly, himself, my father, and Mr. Dowe took it in hand. When the tree was about falling, he ran to the house to see that all were out; just before he reached the door, he was admonished in a voice of earnestness, that the tree was actually falling that way; but such was his anxiety for the inmates, that he rushed into the house, took a look into each room, and returned—but to be crushed beneath the falling hemlock! He survived an hour after the fatal disaster and as his head was not injured, his reason remained unimpaired. He now saw that his rela-

tion to his beloved wife and children and time must soon be dissolved forever. He said that God knew which of them all was best prepared for the solemn summons, and that though his mind was not as clear as he could wish, yet he was sustained by a hope as an anchor to the soul, reaching within the vale whither Christ had gone. A neighbor went on horseback with great speed after our minister, Rev. Eden Burroughs, that he might smooth his short passage to the grave, and mingle his tears with the afflicted, and impart Christian consolation. But death outrode the minister, and finished the work before he arrived. Perceiving that his pulse grew faint, he asked my father to engage in prayer, which he cheerfully did; but in a few moments all was over, and a large circle of friends was left to mourn his loss. The good man had recently been chosen a ruling elder in Mr. B.'s church. His death was severely felt throughout this and adjacent towns, and very much on account of the manner of it, and the small number of inhabitants at that early day.

As the ways of providence were in a measure peculiar with my honored father, I imagine that a short account of his history would be read with interest. He died at the age of 46. He did not make a public profession of religion, until within a few weeks of his death. He was a man of sound mind, and good judgment, but not talented nor brilliant, as was my beloved mother.

As far back as my memory carries me, he was very circumspect in all his conduct. I never heard him speak an unadvised word, either to man or beast. He was a strict attendant upon public worship, and constant at the family altar;

and he seemed truly devout in his prayers. If he was out in the evening until the family were all in bed, he would awake them by the voice of prayer. I never saw him in a fit of anger in my life.

I never heard him speak to the disadvantage of any person. A few years before his death, while in the act of mowing, barefooted, he trod on a long nail, which wounded him severely, and nearly brought him to the grave. This woe had scarcely passed, when another, and heavier fell upon him. He was mowing on a side hill, and to step over a log he put the heel of his scythe on the ground to help him step on to the log, which instantly rolled, and sat his bare foot on the scythe and cut off his foot at the root of his toes. This was a sore calamity truly, but he was calm and resigned to this providence of God. Within five or six years after this disaster, he went about two miles to have a tooth extracted, and the operation affected him so much that he was unable to return alone. He took his bed, and languished six weeks, and was then gathered unto his fathers. In his last illness he seemed to enjoy undisturbed repose. A few weeks before his death a number of his neighbors lifted him on to a horse, in hopes that a short ride would benefit him. And they walked on each side to hold him on. He was asked on the way, if he thought he could ride; he replied: "I think I can, with gentlemen enough to hold me on." During his sickness, one Sabbath morning he heard me complain of my dress, and replied, "Ariel, don't complain, if you can only get to heaven."

While sick, his sister visited him. In the ab-

sence of my mother, she asked him if he thought he should recover. He said "no, nor have I the least desire to get well." My mother overheard it and was much grieved to think he was willing to leave her with eight young children.

A Sabbath or two before his death the Rev. Mr. Burroughs and a number of his church came to his house and admitted him into the church.

This he thought to be his duty, although he expected to join the church triumphant within a short time. He thought he had done wrong in not joining at an earlier day, when in health.

A few mornings before his death a friend came to see him, to whom he said, "I have been reckoning with my judge the past night." "Well," said he, "how do you find things?" to which he at once replied, "I long to be with him." The day on which he died, his brother Samuel went to the College and procured some wine for him as he could take nothing else. On his return he gave him a little, and upon his presenting a second portion he said, "No, brother, I shall drink no more wine in this world." A few hours before his death Deacon Freeman visited him for the last time. My father asked him to pray with him once more before he should cease to be a subject of prayer. He asked what his petition should be? He instantly replied, "pray that we may live as we pray."

I was not present when he died, but a friend who was, said he saw his lips move, and put his ear near his mouth, and he heard him say, "Stop! stop! I am coming to go with you."

Perhaps my father did wrong in not joining a church at an earlier day; but surely a pious life

without a public profession is much better than a profession with an unchristian life.

Death has held him a prisoner 61 years.

At the age of eleven years I left my father's house, and was transferred to the family of Maj. Kendrick, my uncle, with whom I lived five years. At that time my father died, and by his order I returned to live with my widowed mother. I continued with her several years, and then finding it difficult to keep her children together, she put out the younger class; and the older class, without restraint, chose their own way. I chose the Hon. Jonathan Freeman, of Hanover, for my guardian; with whom I lived several years, in the capacity of a laboring servant, not a slave. When I quit his fatherly mansion, I was introduced to that of Rev. Eden Burroughs, to serve in the same capacity. With both of these families I enjoyed special privileges, which doubtless had an important bearing upon my then future life.

My choosing an upright, efficient guardian was a most favorable circumstance, and I ought to acknowledge with gratitude the gracious hand of God in placing me in two such pious, well regulated families, at that early and eventful period of my life. A host of young persons have been ruined by the denial of such a favor.

Mr. B. was the first settled minister in Hanover, and at that time he and his church held with the Presbyterian mode of government; but within a few years they changed to the Congregational mode, the cause of which I will briefly state.

In about eight years after Mr. B.'s settlement there was a remarkable religious excitement

among his people which commenced early in the winter and continued with great power until spring. The work, I should think, was attended with much animal excitement; there were great outcryings both in going to and in meetings; all mirth and recreation among the youth were struck as with palsy.

The schools were deeply affected. In that of which I was a member, the intermissions were changed to prayer-meetings. If two or more were out together in school hours, they would have a season in prayer. Any person unconcerned at that time, for his soul's salvation, was regarded almost with terror.

Many of the neighboring ministers visited the town, and aided Mr. B., whose labors were very arduous. Among them was the Rev. Jacob Wood, a late graduate from Dartmouth College. He was a most terrific preacher. He appeared as if fresh from Mt. Sinai, laden with thunder and lightning, with which to alarm his hearers! He was looked up to with the greatest reverence and respect. They thought him clothed in the panoply of heaven, and that he could almost cause the blind to see, and the lame to walk! But some experienced Christians feared he was too much like the locusts spoken of in the Apocalypse, which stung and tormented men five months but had no balm to heal the wound. Some thought he knew more about Sinai than Calvary, where the law was magnified and made honorable. A few years after, Mr. W. became pastor of the church in Newbury, Vt., where he died in great darkness of mind, to the surprise and grief of those who had been edified and

blest, as they thought, by his ministry. I saw a notice of his death, in which the writer observed that if we might judge of a man's future state by his LIFE, rather than by the state of his mind in the hour of death, he must think that Mr. Wood was associated with the spirits of just men made perfect.

But to return to the reformation. Many sought, and too easily, perhaps, obtained admittance into the door of the church; but within a year, a large number sadly evinced that the work of grace in their hearts was superficial. They returned to their sports, carousing and dancing, to the grief of the most pious part of the church, and their minister. Disciplinary labors were commenced, and offenders, who in the main were young people, were brought before the church. But part of the old and part of the new members justified them. It was said that abstinence from mirthful recreation could not be expected of those who were in the heat and vigor of youth. They contended that the frost smitten aspect of December might as well be brought over the smiling beauties and greenness of May. There was a man of influence in the church, who acted the part of an ecclesiastical attorney, in behalf of offenders. If they were censured by the majority of the church, he would advise them to carry their cause to the Presbytery. The aggrieved part of the church contended that the Gospel knew of but one rule of life for aged and young, namely, that they should take up their cross daily and follow Christ in all sobriety, watchfulness and prayer. The Presbytery decided in many instances, in favor of the censured.

At length the afflicted pastor and a large minority of the church, feeling that the law of God and themselves were borne down by ecclesiastical power, came to the conclusion that it was their duty to withdraw from the Presbytery, as an unsound body ; and also, from that part of the church which sympathized with it.

As solemn as was the consideration, they separated, to meet with them no more as an ecclesiastical body.

Mr. B. and his brethren resigned their meeting-house, together with all the sacramental furniture ; and held their services of divine worship in dwelling-houses and barns, until they could prepare a tabernacle for that sacred purpose. From this time, Mr. B. and his church adopted the Congregational principles of church government. The party which held with the Presbytery, worshipped in the house vacated by Mr. B., employing other preachers, temporarily, as they could obtain them ; among whom was the Rev. Sylvanus Ripley, Professor in Dartmouth College, and father of the late General Ripley, who distinguished himself in the last war. But his settlement was prevented by a sudden and afflictive providence. Having been invited to become their pastor, a certain Sabbath was fixed upon to give his answer. But at the close of the services, he said to the people, that as it was extremely cold, and the congregation suffering, he thought it best to defer giving his answer until another Sabbath. He seated himself in a sleigh, with several students, and, as the wind was strong in their faces, Mr. R. turned his back towards it. But in passing a mill-yard, the road being very

much crowded, the sleigh, when in full speed, struck a log, and Mr. R. was precipitated from his seat, his head striking with force against the sharp end of a log! He was taken up senseless; his skull was badly fractured, and about midnight his spirit departed! Thus from his Sabbath duties he was returned to his family, not in health, as he left them, but a lifeless corpse!

This was a very sudden transition from the desk to the grave; from time to eternity! And yet what minister knows, as he enters the pulpit, that his race will be more protracted!

During the time Mr. R. supplied the pulpit, I remember that he was desired to give a sermon in vindication of infant baptism. To this he consented, and the day was set for the desired effort. At the appointed time, I went to hear the sermon, though Mr. B. was my minister; but instead of Mr. R., Rev. Mr. Hutchinson of Pomfret, Vt., an aged man, was present, and entered upon the subject with great spirit. In the course of his sermon, he stated that a certain author said, that "the same spirit which drove the herd of swine into the sea, drove the Baptists into the water, and that they were hurried on by the devil until the rite was performed!"

How it happened that Mr. H. discussed this subject instead of Mr. R. I never learned; but it is clear to me, that if the latter gentleman had done the work, he would have, at least, treated the Baptists with good manners. There were, I think, but few of the Congregationalists at that day, who would have been pleased with such harsh language; and at this day I think the number is still smaller. It is a cheering consideration

that the friends of Christ, of different denominations, are disposed to treat each other with more Christian kindness ; and may the spirit of charity still increase ten fold.

After Mr. R.'s death, the Rev. Samuel Collins, who was first settled in Sandown, N. H., where he remained a number of years, became pastor of this church.

But the most unkind feeling was exercised towards Mr. B. and his brethren, both by the other part of the church and the Presbytery. I have no language at my command, which would give any adequate idea of the bitterness shown them. Numbers of the young converts to whom Mr. B. had recently given the hand of fellowship, hated him supremely, and despised those who esteemed and treated him as a servant of Christ, as he doubtless was. His enemies accused him of being schismatic, seditious, superstitious, over-much righteous, fanatical, &c. ; and all this because he unwaveringly maintained that professed Christians, young and old, ought to maintain a constant walk with God ; and that churches ought faithfully to execute the laws of His house. Not long after Mr. B. withdrew from the Presbytery, they convened and excommunicated him. Whether it was of the severer or milder kind, I do not know, but I think they called it a "lesser excommunication."

But whatever it was, and whatever they might intend by it, it certainly was a powerless thing to him ; for he held on his way, increasing in favor with God and men. He was a pious Christian ; a warm-hearted preacher of the gospel ; and full of faith and good works. But his path was beset

with thorns from his youth up. He had five children, two sons and three daughters, which latter, he buried

“In less time than Sylvia once fills her horn.”

One of his sons, a virtuous youth, soon followed; and the remaining one, Stephen Burroughs, of villainous notoriety, was so wholly bent on wickedness, that he caused his parents as great a measure of grief as Absolom did his father.

These things, together with the trials that befel him in his ministerial labors, made him a man of sorrows and grief. But verily “there was an end, and his expectation was not cut off.” Years have gone by since he found himself in the bosom of an ocean where his barque will never be tost by storm or tempest.

During the whole term of Mr. Collins’s ministry in Hanover, he and his people seemed unblest of God. He became exceedingly poor, and apparently almost forsaken, both of man and God. But in his extremity, he was provided for; Gen. Crafts, of Craftsbury, Vt., one of Mr. Collins’s former parishoners at Sandown, and a man of wealth, hearing of his situation, invited him to labor in C., and here, cheered by the kindness of the worthy General, he finished his work and departed to his reward.

At the time of the reformation in Hanover, there was not, to my knowledge, a Baptist in town; nor had there ever been a sermon preached by a Baptist minister. But, notwithstanding this, a Miss Susanna Dowe, doubtless truly converted, learned by reading the Scriptures, that

she must be "buried with Christ in Baptism." She therefore applied to Elder Baldwin, of Canaan, afterward Dr. B., of Boston, to administer the ordinance; and she subsequently gave abundant evidence that she had "risen to newness of life."

The baptism of this young lady, considering the attending circumstances, led the people to examine the subject. It was known that her situation was not calculated to produce such a result; she had never heard these sentiments vindicated, but the opposite had invariably been taught, both by parents and minister; she had never witnessed anything more than the sprinkling of infants. How came she then with so novel sentiments and practice? Did she find them in the word of God? This case led many to search the scriptures themselves, to learn the will of Christ concerning this sacred ordinance. Soon another followed, on which occasion Elder Baldwin preached; and in a few years, quite a number of Rev. Mr. Burroughs's people embraced Baptist sentiments, and a church was constituted. This was indeed grievous to the good man.

The previous storm had scarcely subsided, ere his brethren caught a fever that naught but Jordan's waters could assuage. They still held Mr. B. in high estimation, believing that he had contended valiantly for the truth, and that his separation from the Presbytery, was approved by the great Head of the church. But they believed that the path of duty led them farther onward, and of course they left their minister behind. Two of their number became preachers, Abel and Isaac Bridgman.

Like Peter and John, they were unlettered men: but they possessed the same spirit, preached the same gospel, and looked for the same glorious reward. The latter preached half of the time for a number of years with good success, to the church in Lyme, N. H.; but he was cut off in the midst of a useful career, by an incurable fever. He possessed a strong mind; was well versed in the doctrines of the Bible, and was blessed with the unction of the Holy Spirit. I once asked him what the apostle meant by saying, that "To the pure all things are pure." He immediately replied, that "all pure things were so to the pure."

The former became pastor of the newly constituted church, but his labors and life were cut short, and he was succeeded by Rev. Jesse Curn, a man, like David, after God's own heart, ordinary talent, but through grace it was so faithfully applied to his master's service, that he was eminently useful in his sphere. Such was his meekness, tenderness of heart, and spirituality, that but few preachers took stronger hold upon the hearts and consciences of their hearers. His care of the church was like that of a kind parent over his children. It was by his untiring effort that the church reared a house of worship. A considerable part of the work he did himself; even the pulpit, so soon vacated by his early death, was devised and built by his hands! In the meridian of his life, death overtook and cut him down, to the great grief, not only of his family and church, but to all in the circle of his acquaintances.

After his decease, the church was supplied by

different ministers for short periods of time, until the settlement of their present pastor, Rev. Jonathan Green, respecting whom, delicacy forbids my saying much. He stated to me, not long since, that "It takes a man his life time to prove himself a Christian." This I suspect is true, not excepting even ministers. I may simply add that the growing attachment between him and his people, bids fair to render his labors abundantly useful.

This church in its infancy was quite feeble, as might be expected; and though situated so near a literary institution, Dartmouth College, its first pastors were quite illiterate men. Nor was the church very liberal in supporting its pastors. I once heard Mr. Bridgman preach; his apparel was very poor, almost to rags. I expressed to one of my brethren, my surprise at the extreme meanness of his dress; he replied, "I never knew our minister preach better than when the rags flew merrily!" But as unpleasant as it must have been, I think it far less to be regretted than to see a professed minister of the meek and lowly Savior, ride to the house of God in a carriage of four, attended by a slave! And to the praise of this church, they have for many years been very liberal to their pastors, and the benevolent enterprises of the day.

I now with much reluctance, proceed to give some account of myself.

Almost from the cradle, I was the subject of serious impressions. I engaged in juvenile sports with hesitation, on account of solemn thoughts of God, death, and eternity. I knew that I was a sinner, and that I was in the hand of God, as

"the clay is in the hands of the potter," and the thought greatly affected me. The doctrine taught in the ninth chapter of Romans, was most unwelcome to me.

At that time, I was more circumspect in my conduct than were my elder brothers, and my mates generally ; indeed I became quite a hypocritical pharisee, thinking myself much better than others. But with all my external sanctity, there was a gnawing worm within, corroding all my happiness. At times, the certain prospect of annihilation, or an exchange of situations with any creature not accountable for its conduct, would have greatly rejoiced me.

When the reformation, of which I have spoken, commenced, I was nine years of age ; and during that eventful season, I was no more affected than I had been, perhaps less. But as all seemed to be striving for heaven, I was set upon being among them. I assumed to be more concerned than I was, and in this respect sinned against God. But at the close of the gracious work, my convictions increased, and my burden became more intolerable. I plead for mercy, according to my best ability, in which I thought myself not very deficient ; still my mind was "like the troubled sea, that cannot rest, but continually casts up mire and dirt."

I thought I was quite honest in my entreaties for mercy, and an interest in Christ ; and at times I would fret against God, because he was so slow in doing his part, when I had so punctually done mine. I read—"Ask, and ye shall receive ;" and I thought I had asked sincerely many times ; and with such views I was led to blame God for

not fulfilling his promise. But my murmuring was forced to yield to the conviction that all was not as well done as I had fondly imagined. I therefore summoned up all my energies, for the purpose of amending and improving my services, that I might please God, and receive the gift of salvation. But while thus looking for light, behold darkness shrouded me.

About this time, a very pungent sermon from Mr. B. powerfully affected me. Under a weight that almost pressed me to the earth, I retired and attempted to pray. I had not proceeded far before a scene came over me, which language and capacity would fail me to describe. The truth was most forcibly impressed upon me, that God was a spirit, filling heaven and earth; that to his piercing eyes my wicked heart was transparent; that He noticed me as particularly as if He and myself were the only moral intelligences of the universe.

For the first time, the desperate and entire wickedness of my heart rose to my view; my prayers seemed like an extended cloud of darkness; and the following passages of Scripture came upon me with irresistible power:—"I bear them record, that they have a zeal for God, but not according to knowledge." "For they, being ignorant of God's righteousness, and going about to establish their own righteousness, have not submitted themselves unto the righteousness of God." In these few moments, more knowledge of God, His law, the evil nature of sin, and the extreme enmity of my heart, was communicated to me, than ever before in my whole life. My mouth was stopped. I could not, durst not, speak

another word in prayer. Much was said, during the reformation, of its being a sealing time; that some were sealed for salvation, and others for damnation. I now thought my damnation was sealed; yea, my imagination ran so high as to picture my sentence written in capital letters.

This scene so terrified me that I dared not attempt to pray for weeks, and when I again ventured to retire, my fear was so great that I took a lad with me, now Dr. Kendrick, of Madison University. He was then very young, and interrupting me, he asked—"Ariel, does God hear us?"

In this season of prayer, I was neither exercised with terror, nor did it afford me any comfort; yet I continued my practice of secret prayer.

A short time afterward, I was again overwhelmed with fear; my sins appeared like mountains; God's anger was terrible, and hell seemed to be my portion! I prostrated myself, and cried out, "Lord, who am I? What am I? Whither am I going?" Soon these distressing exercises of my mind were succeeded by a peaceful calm, and a ray of light burst forth into my most wretched soul! It began to seem possible for me to be saved, and the thought was more cheering to me than ten thousands of gold and silver could be to the miser! These words were full of power and preciousness. "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation—that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief." Subsequent to this, my feelings were strange, and my exercises peculiar; there was a mixture of joy and sorrow—hope and fear. It was with me like the day spoken of by the proph-

et—“*Neither clear nor dark.*” But nevertheless, as dim as was my light, I united with Mr. Burroughs’ church, with which I remained a number of years.

In process of time, I met with a treatise on baptism, by the venerable Dr. Shepherd, of Brentwood, which went far towards convincing me that my infant sprinkling, received from the hand of Dr. Huntington, of Coventry, ought to be washed away in some Jordan. This led me to search the Scriptures, with reference to the subject, and I became fully satisfied that believers in Christ were the only qualified subjects, and immersion the only scriptural mode of baptism. And thus it has appeared to me ever since. Others may believe that infants are suitable subjects, and sprinkling the scriptural mode of baptism; but, if to believe on limited evidence is praiseworthy, it appears to me that they merit a large share of praise!

About the time of the change in my views, I met with Dr. Burroughs and Dr. Burton, who warmly remonstrated with me for embracing so erroneous sentiments. I requested them to show me a single instance in the New Testament, where a person, infant or adult, received baptism from a basin or a vessel.

Several weeks afterward, Mrs. Burroughs named the following text: “He riseth from supper, and laid aside his garments, and took a towel and girdeth himself. After that, he poureth water into a basin, and began to wash the disciples’ feet, and to wipe them with the towel wherewith he was girded.”

I inquired—“Do you call that baptism?” She

answered, "Yes." I then said that the order was to imitate Christ; why therefore do you apply water to the face? She replied that she thought it not essential whether it was applied to the face or feet. I answered that if all go as near the divine rule as the head is to the feet, it would be doing pretty well!

But while I must act according to my own views and convictions of duty, I am the last to judge others harshly. I would submit them in these, and all other matters, to their consciences, to their Bible, and to God. I was baptized by Rev. John Drew, about nine o'clock, on a winter evening. It was a season of great consolation, and I went on my way with a large measure of joy.

When I was 21 years of age I was united in marriage with Penelope Cotton, of West Fairlee, Vt., with whom I lived fifty-one years. The Lord gave us eleven children, eight of whom are now living, three sons and five daughters. At the age of twenty-three I commenced the awfully responsible work of the Christian ministry. I preached six months in Sharon, Vt., then I had a call to Woodstock, where I preached five years. In this town I was ordained as an Evangelist. I was brought forward by the South Church, of which I was a member; though I preached in the North Church.

The ordaining council were, Elders Elisha Ransom, of South Woodstock, Aaron Leland, of Chester, John Hibbard, of Royalton, and Robert Law, of Hanover. This to me was a solemn day, and deeply interesting, as it took strong hold on eternity.

I avowed myself then, as I now do, a most unworthy instrument to be employed in preaching the Gospel and upbuilding the Church of Christ. A sense of my leanness and insufficiency often overwhelms me, and I am constrained to cry, "Lord, save me or I perish."

I have been the subject of great mental sufferings during my pilgrimage. Many times my mind has been so depressed that the thought of engaging in preaching was distressing indeed ; but yet as soon as I engaged, the cloud would pass away, and I enjoyed great freedom of mind, and not a small measure of happiness. Thus it has been with me times innumerable. I have been haunted abundantly with the thought that such an unworthy creature could not have been called to preach "the Gospel of the blessed God."

Many times I have thought that no good minister could be the subject of such trials as I am as familiar with as I am with my nearest relatives.

Why my preaching has not been blest to a greater extent, ought with me to be matter of serious inquiry. That good ministers have occasion sometimes to say with the Prophet Isaiah : "I have labored in vain and spent my strength for naught and in vain," I cannot doubt. But unfaithful, prayerless ministers have no reason to expect that God will bless their labors. Notwithstanding the ill success of the Prophet, he could nevertheless say : "My work is with the Lord, and my judgment with my God." He knew that he was in the Lord's service, and he was cheered with the consideration that his reward would be according to his fidelity, and not according to his success. How happy would it

be for me, and all unsuccessful ministers, could we honestly adopt this language of the inspired Prophet.

At that day, the Baptists were a small people, not much respected ; and doubtless many supposed they never would be. Their preachers were unlearned ; their baptism very unpopular ; and their singing did not charm, being performed by the congregation.

They could sing better in their hearts than with their voices, and of course they pleased God better than men. An opposing influence was cast against them, though they never suffered violent persecution in that region ; from that they were mercifully exempted. But the current of opposition was so strong, that all public buildings were closed against them, and they were obliged to hold their meetings for divine worship in dwelling houses, school houses, and even barns. I recollect that when I was a youth, and attending Moor's charity school, at Dartmouth College, Mr. Baldwin was invited to give an evening lecture at the College plains. A Baptist brother, Mr. Fenton, endeavored to obtain a public room for the occasion, but without success. As a last resort, therefore, he opened his own, though a small dwelling house, and they were favored with a good attendance, notwithstanding the efforts made to prevent it. Prof. Smith, who preached at the college chapel, appointed a lecture or conference the same evening ; a thing which I was told he had never done before. Yet the students pressed in to hear Mr. B., who stood strong in the Lord, and preached a wonderful discourse from these words : " Unto me, who am less than

the least of all saints, is this grace given, that I should preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ."

The language of the false prophet, respecting Israel, was peculiarly appropriate: "He shall pour the water out of his bucket." Mr. B. seemed to be let down deep into the well of salvation for he poured forth its healing waters copiously indeed. It was obvious that all received the impression that he was a man of God, and that heavenly grace enabled him to acquit himself in the affecting manner they had witnessed.

Mr. B. has since been, as Dr. Gill says, "dubbed with D. D.," and has been honored with appointments in their most important exercises at Dartmouth College. On the evening above named, Mr. B. had no notes, nor have I ever seen him use any; and the practice among Baptist ministers at that day, I suspect, was about as rare as white crows among that species of the feathered tribe. This probably was not owing to principle; but the truth is, most of our ministers at that day were illiterate, and were not in the habit of writing. Many could preach good sermons who could not write; at least writing would have been out of their element.

That the great head of the church has abundantly blessed the labors of unlearned men, stands out in bold relief; but some think that they would have been more useful had they been favored with the light of science. It is quite certain that scientific men are more acceptable to hearers who possess cultivated minds, than those whose learning falls far below their own. But I suppose it is equally true, that the minister, who

in the demonstration and power of the holy Spirit, develops truth the most clearly, is the most likely to promote the best interests of his hearers, whether he be a classical scholar or not.

Soon after my baptism, my mind was exercised with severe trials, respecting the duty of engaging in the work of the ministry ; and brethren who had witnessed my exercises in prayer, exhortation, and explanation of scripture, suggested that it might be my duty ; yea, they even pressed it upon me. But in view of the greatness of the work, and the vast responsibilities resting on ministers, together with having only a trembling hope in God's mercy, with the consideration that my education was very inconsiderable, and my knowledge of theology nothing—in view of all these difficulties, it seemed like presumption to think of engaging in the work. Yet after many trials, struggles and much prayer, I decided to venture upon it and see what God would do with and by me. It was indeed a bold measure, often causing me many misgivings for having entered upon such an all-important enterprise. At other times there was great satisfaction in preaching the word and administering the ordinances of the gospel.

My first effort was put forth in Hanover, and the encouragement the brethren gave me, induced me to improve the opportunities, which were afterward numerous, in the neighboring churches, where I was kindly received. But the gratifying kindness of my brethren prepared me for an incident that was exceedingly humbling. I preached one Sabbath at Strafford, so much to the satisfaction of the church, that I was invited

to give a lecture during the week. To this I consented, but did not concern myself about preparation, supposing I should easily succeed in the undertaking. But on the evening of the meeting I found myself very dull and stupid, and after naming my text, was able to proceed but a few minutes before my mind was as barren of ideas as the burning deserts of Africa are of vegetation. I had not another word to say, and sat down, ashamed and confounded! The Sabbath previous, I was quite a minister, but now a dumb dog that could not bark! In this painful defeat my pride received a severe wound, and the language of Job was very applicable to my feelings: "The worm is my father, and corruption my sister and mother." But it was all necessary to produce in me a constant sense of my dependence on God.

Not far from this time I was called to preach a sermon, under circumstances peculiarly trying, in which God was better to me than my fears. I was then laboring with the Church in Woodstock, Vt., and had agreed upon an exchange with Mr. Bridgman, of Hanover. When passing to the place of worship, a Congregational brother invited me to give a lecture at five o'clock, at their centre school house. Soon it occurred to me that Mr. Burroughs, Deacon Freeman, a member of Congress, and formerly my guardian, and my mother would probably attend. I was overwhelmed with fear and trembling. But self-reproaches availed nothing, my consent had been given. It would have rejoiced me if the appointment could have been recalled; but the dreadful ordeal must be passed.

As the time drew near, my agony increased until my whole frame was shaken. The house was immediately filled with those whose curiosity was not the least of their attributes or moral senses. It appeared certain that the multitude would look upon me as a poor, illiterate, presumptuous stripling. Just before the services commenced, Mr. B., in company with another minister came in, and I soon espied my dear mother, who was more in my way than all the rest. She was about as pale as a corpse. I saw that her feelings were excruciating, which redoubled all my woes.

But while the storm was raging with violence in my bosom, a pious woman, a member of Mr. B.'s church, arose and affectionately addressed the assembly, particularly exhorting all to the exercise of love and charity, and to help together by prayer. She doubtless judged correctly of my feelings, and desired to aid me. Her remarks had the desired effect on me; they were "like apples of gold in pictures of silver."

The cloud withdrew, and I went through the exercises unembarrassed; yea, with quite a measure of peace in my own soul, however it might have been with others. Mr. B. made the closing prayer, which was of a character to afford me much encouragement. It seemed to me that if ever God assisted me in speaking to my fellow men, it was on that occasion. I thought I had reason to erect my ebenezer and say, "Thus far the Lord hath helped me."

Mr. B. would have me tarry with him that night, and he treated me with the greatest kindness, and considering that I had recently with-

drawn from his church and joined the Baptist, it evinced a great degree of benevolence and disinterestedness in the worthy and pious minister.

The next day, riding with Rev. Mr. Washburn, who attended the lecture, I perceived by his conversation that he had become a convert ; not from nature to grace, for I trust he was so before ; but from reading to extemporaneous preaching. He said he really thought the latter was the better method. He was a learned, shrewd man. This I say, that those who think otherwise may not have it to say that I had led astray a weaker brother. Here I would incidentally observe, that the apostle cheered himself with anticipating an appearance before his brethren, without a paper between, but that he should speak to them "*face to face*" and mouth to ear.

In the outset of my labors, I preached a number of months to the small church in Sharon, Vt. But they were not able at that time to support a pastor, therefore we parted in love, and I went to Woodstock, Vt., where I remained some over five years.

Not long after my departure from Sharon, Mr. James Parker, whose training was at the anvil, and a member of that church, became their pastor. He was a strong minded man, deeply pious, well versed in the doctrines of grace, and could preach as correct a sermon as he could make scythes.

This reminds me of an anecdote of Eld. Higbee, who was by trade a blacksmith. An exchange was agreed upon between him and Mr. Sage, a worthy Congregational minister at Westminster, Vt. Mr. H. was a stranger to most of

the people in W. ; but before the day closed, several learned his name, and that he was a blacksmith. As the people were on their way home, a man said to the deacon, " We have had for our preacher to-day, a Baptist and a scythe maker." " Well," replied the deacon, " if he is as good a scythe maker as he is a sermonizer, I will have one if I have to go ten miles to obtain it."

It may be interesting to know how Rev. J. Parker was brought into the ministry.

Rev. John Hibbard, of Royalton, a man of great piety and much respected by all the churches, often visited the church in Sharon, to perform ministerial duties. But in a full career of usefulness, he was suddenly cut off. He was to appearance well, and in an hour he died, at the age of 46!

Mr. Parker, on hearing the news of his death, was deeply affected, and retired into the woods, alone, to pour out his grief, and pray that the solemn stroke might be sanctified to all the churches. While praying to know what they should do, now the useful, the soul-loving, the church-loving Hibbard was no more, the following words were impressed upon his mind with great power: "' Go thou in this thy might,' and fill the place now vacated by his death." And subsequently his mind was drawn powerfully to the work, until he entered upon it with great zeal. He was a wise, faithful, and useful minister until his death, which occurred at the advanced age of seventy. During the exercises of worship on the Sabbath, in Norwich, Vt., he was overtaken with a stroke of apoplexy, and died in a short time with a hope inspired by true Christianity.

At Woodstock I found the church in a most unpleasant and distracted state, which seemed to have been caused by the imprudence of their late pastor, Rev. Wm. Grow. He was accused of immoral conduct before the church, a part of which censured and condemned him, and a part justified, or at least would not act against him. At length after much contention and bitter strife, they agreed upon a council by which he was deposed. But he disregarded their decision, so also did a part of the church. Shortly after this he became a Christian, and said he rejoiced to leave the little Baptist's pen; but when in very old age, he committed an overt act, which caused all to forsake him. Thus conditioned, he was not long after called to give his account. This is a most melancholy and humbling history of a man who once stood very high as a minister of Christ, and should enforce the apostolic exhortation: "Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall." A short time before the fall of Mr. Grow, the church had erected a house of worship, shingled the roof, and enclosed the body with rough boards, and then the finishing, on account of the vexed state of the church, was staid like the temple of old.

At this time, the Congregational minister, a very aged man, became feeble, sickly, and unable to preach. Soon after, he died, when his church waited on my ministry. They proposed to the Baptist society to surrender the constitution of their house and make it free to all denominations, when they would take pews and finish it. Accordingly it was done.

But while the people furnished a house for

worship, they neglected the support of their minister. The Congregationalists did not consider me their minister in full, and therefore did not feel themselves under obligation to do much towards my support, though they did something.

The Baptists in that place, as was too commonly the case, construed the scripture, "They that preach the gospel shall live of the gospel," in a manner to rid themselves of responsibility in the case. They believed the sacred text taught that ministers should live upon the truth they preached; and at times it seemed that they were decided on enforcing such a manner of living upon me, for I had not much else for sustenance. And another passage, "Who feedeth a flock and eateth not of the milk of the flock?" It would seem that some men, then and even now, think the milk here spoken of is the milk of the word. I suffered much for the want of the necessities of life. I have walked two miles and performed the duties of the Sabbath without necessary food, because I had nothing suitable to carry with me. But I held my peace, feeling that the language of Jeremiah was too applicable to my case:—"Wherefore doth a living man complain, a man for the punishment of his sins?" My services appeared so lean and void of merit, that I had but little courage to cry in the language of the two daughters of the horse leach, "give, give."—Prov. xxx. 15.

Among my many conflicts, one arose from my inordinate attachment to a fine horse. The first one I owned was very old, and in appearance not such as to please the taste of a fanciful, high-minded young man: but ere long, I purchased a

good looking young steed, of which I soon became too proud. I went one evening, as usual, to attend to him, after which I rather reluctantly engaged in secret devotion. In a few moments God's presence seemed to fill the place, which rendered it dreadful, for I was exceedingly wretched; and withal, my four footed idol was brought before me, and he appeared meaner than a crawling worm. My distress was so great that towards midnight I went quite a distance to see a brother in the church, that he might converse and pray with me. My way led by the meeting-house and grave-yard. The latter place seemed less gloomy than the former, in which I had performed a great amount of unchristian service. I seemed to myself to be a downright hypocrite, and as wretched a being as the ground ever sustained. In a few days the burden by degrees was through mercy removed, and the storm which beat upon my poor soul was in a measure beneficial.

Fifty years ago there were two Baptist churches in Woodstock, and doubtless they could number more communicants than any other town within a hundred miles of them. But they both have long since lost their visibility; the north church by the imprudence of Mr. Grow; the south by the missteps of Rev. E. Ransom, for many years their pastor, and undoubtedly a truly pious man. He had three brothers in the place who were Congregationalists, two of whom were ministers, and preached there more or less. Through the influence of these four brethren, the Congregational and Baptist churches worshipped together for many years. Mr. R. was exceed-

ingly cautious of wounding the feelings of his brothers and their church; and his neglect in preaching his own sentiments, weakened the Baptist cause. As the result, many very unpleasant things occurred. During the time of much seriousness among the people, two worthy Baptist ministers visited the place and preached on the Sabbath with great power. At the close of the morning service a member of the Baptist church, thinking it an excellent opportunity for having the work done in his own way, arose and exhorted all Christians, who had not obeyed the divine command by being buried with Christ in baptism, to attend to the duty on that occasion, as there were three accredited administrators present, who would delight to lead them into the watery grave. In the midst of his remarks Mr. Ransom urged him to desist, but to no purpose. A Congregational deacon arose, and said that such communications were not suited to the Sabbath; the excitement became great, and many left the house.

It was a very unpleasant affair, and greatly distressed Mr. R. Had it been a meeting of the Baptist church and society, all would have passed off happily. I have never known any good to result from a copartnership of different denominations, either in building houses of worship, or in any other church concerns; there will always be the "noise of the axe and the hammer."

Let each stand on their own ground, and contend with a good spirit for what they believe accords with the revealed will of God. But never let them agree to divide the living child, to use a figure, for when divided neither half will be

worth possessing. Not that I would alienate Christians of different orders from each other; while they labor each in their own sphere, let them love one another with a pure heart servently. Mr. R. erred in another point; he was most strenuously opposed to gaiety and fashionable living. With this peculiarity, he met with less difficulty when the town was new; but being a shire town, it rapidly increased in population, wealth, and in polish and ornaments of life. However much Mr. R. might have advanced in piety, he never changed in the aforesaid peculiarity, nor gave an inch of ground as to his manner of living. His influence therefore declined, and his hearers decreased until they were so few that a child could write them.

The following anecdote will illustrate his peculiar turn. His wife, during his absence from home, procured a plain pine table, painted red. When he returned and saw the splendid article of furniture, he was as much offended as he would have been had he found Micha's family gods in his house. He would give the proud thing no quarters. He took his axe, went into the woods and cut down a large tree, from which he split a slab, and manufactured a table by boring holes with an auger for the legs, which he made with his axe. The humble thing being finished he carried it into his house, saying, "Mrs. Ransom, this table is sufficient for us."

The good man having lost a great measure of his influence, was discouraged, and retired from the field where he had labored nearly half a century, and went into the Black River region, where

In a few years he was called from his toils to an endless rest.

Here I will divert the reader with another Woodstock story. One of my hearers by the name of Paddock lost the wife of his youth ; and as he read "thas it was not good for man to be alone," he sought and found another daughter of Eve, who was willing to give him her hand. The wedding day was fixed upon, and at the appointed time the guests assembled at the house of the bride, but the bridegroom did not make his appearance. After waiting some time, a message was dispatched after the delinquent. He was ultimately found in retirement, very much engaged in prayer. The messenger inquired—"Mr. P., what do you mean by such conduct?" "What have I done?" said Mr. P. "Did you not know that this was the day set for your marriage?" "Alas!" he replied, "I had forgotten it." He hastened to fulfill his engagement by submitting to the marriage yoke.

I doubt very much whether such an instance ever occurred before, and if so, this certainly deserves a record. And the object which diverted the good man's mind is also worthy of notice. He was so much drawn out towards heaven that he even lost sight of so important a step.

During the last two years of my labors in W., by request, I preached in the court house half of the time. My congregation greatly increased, but my situation was unpleasant. The Baptist church was nearly extinct, and those who waited on my ministry were a mixed multitude, who, though they seemed friendly, did not feel much interest respecting my support. They did indeed

meet from year to year and vote a generous sum to remunerate me for my services. Some paid their portion but others never did. Could I now receive all that was voted, but never paid, I should be relieved from debts, at once. But perhaps eternity will show that I was the greatest delinquent; that had there been more faithfulness on my part, a greater blessing would have fallen both on the people and on me.

By a request from the church in Salisbury, N. H., I left W. and went to labor in that place. The church was in a cold; confused, and divided state. They were gathered under the ministry of Rev. Elias Smith. His talents were pleasing; and he was to them like "A lovely song of one that had a pleasant voice, and could play well on an instrument."

But many of them seemed to be strangers to evangelical principles; and not much less to an evangelical spirit. While Mr. S. was with them, he was the bond of their union. But faith in man, rather than in the power of God, will not remove mountains, nor secure men in a sacred brotherhood. When Mr. S.'s voice died away, their union and fellowship seemed to die away with it, and they were like the people of Babel whose language was confounded.

I dragged along through three years, making some feeble and inefficient efforts to bring them into order, and then being discouraged, chose to leave them, hoping that some man of age and experience would find his way among them, and be the means of uniting them, and promoting their spiritual prosperity.

I ought perhaps to say here, that they waited

on my ministry and treated me kindly, and were quite reluctant to have me leave. And besides, of what they agreed to give me, there was not a cent behind.

Subsequent to my departure the church was favored with the labors of several worthy ministers, who exerted themselves to conduct the ship through the storm to a safe mooring. For a season, the star of hope seemed to glisten upon them, and give promise of a bright and prosperous day. But after all, the night of darkness came over them, and their ministers were constrained to say with the prophet, "I have labored in vain, and spent my strength for naught." I believe the church at the present day, is numbered among the things that have been.

I once heard the pious and venerable Seaman preach from the following words: "So run that ye may obtain." He stated that in order to run successfully the Christian race, it was all-important to set out right; and doubtless the same is true concerning churches. Some time before Mr. Smith preached at S., Mr. Seaman was called to the place to constitute a church. After due examination, he said that God must do a great work there, before a Gospel church could be formed.

In this connection I would inform the reader that Mr. Stephen Smith, of Woodstock, Vt., had three sons, Elias, Uriah and Ransom, who put on sacerdotal vestments; and as Baptist ministers, submitted to the rite of recognition; the eldest at Salisbury, N. H., the second at Plainfield, and the third at Conway. The churches in this region thought that God had conferred a great

honor on brother Smith, and a great blessing on them, in that he was the parent of three promising ministers of the ascended Redeemer. They thought him honored above Hannah of old, for she gave one priest to the Lord, but he had given him three Gospel ministers.

But it is true in the moral world, as well as in the natural, that we cannot estimate the amount of fruit by the number of blossoms. It is a painful truth that those three brothers disappointed the fond hope of their parents and Christian friends; their blossoms faded, and their root was rottenness; they abandoned the Baptists and enlisted in the ranks of Universalism.

Towards the close of my labors in S., I was invited to become pastor of the church in Cornish, where I have spent the greatest part of the "years of my pilgrimage," and by far the most useful portion of my life. At the time of my introduction to them, their number was between thirty and forty. But three revivals during my connection with the church increased its numbers greatly. They had no meeting-house, and therefore met for worship in school-houses. The Congregationalists had recently built, and the Baptists assisted them, with the expectation of occasionally occupying the house. But in this they were disappointed, and they therefore resolved to build one for themselves. The second year of my residence with them they accomplished the work, and Rev. Aaron Leland, of Chester, Vt., preached the dedication sermon from these words: "This is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven."

But this house being located near the other, led

the Congregational people to think it was done in hostility to them, which exceedingly wounded and grieved them. Their unfriendly feeling caused me much sorrow of heart.

I purchased of one of the deacons thirty acres of land, on which there was a barn, but no house, for six hundred dollars. The brethren promised to pay me two hundred dollars a year, and furnish me with wood ; and besides, to aid in building me a house, and to pay the interest on the six hundred dollars until that was paid.

When I went to Cornish, there were but few Baptist ministers near. I was therefore often called to attend funerals in Unity, Claremont, Croydon, Grantham, Lebanon, Plainfield, Hartland and Windsor. Sometimes I was remunerated, and frequently not. If murmurings arose in my mind, it was checked by the reflection that I might soon need the generous tear I paid ; this would set all right.

Had not the wearing apparel of deceased persons often been given me, my compensation would have been less still ; and a reward in such things, if not so pleasing, had a better moral influence on my mind.

For a number of years things went on smoothly ; additions were made to the church, and brotherly love cemented kindred hearts. We were not distracted with disciplinary labors. I was often called to give counsel to other churches in difficulties, but we called none to our aid. Hence I began to think myself a skillful navigator. But at length a storm arose and beat upon us heavily, and I could neither stay nor outride it. This deeply impressed my mind with the

following scripture : " When God giveth quietness, who then can make trouble ; and when he hideth his face, who then can behold him, whether it be done against a nation or against a man only ? "

There was a complaint entered to the church against the deacon of whom I have spoken ; and as he was the oldest, the wealthiest, the most influential member, the affair caused much trouble. He insisted that he had a scriptural right to do the act for which he was arraigned. Many of the church were of the same opinion, and others were against him, among whom was myself.

He had always been as kind to me as a father, which rendered it exceedingly painful to us both. I had lost dear relatives, but that cup was less bitter than this which I was now called to drink, by the defection of the deacon. Darkness and confusion reigned in the church for a long time. Those who censured him could not bear to lose a brother so much needed, and they labored as arduously to convince and save him as did the mariners to bring the ship in which the rebellious Jonah was a passenger, to land.

At length he did confess, to the abundant joy of all ; but he did not stick. At a subsequent meeting he humbled himself before the church, on account of his confession, and resumed his former position.

After much labor, to no good issue, the church agreed to call an extensive council to their assistance. After a patient hearing, they decided that the deacon was in the wrong. But he was not moved by their opinion ; he still maintained his position. At length the minority of the church

excluded him; the larger part not voting either for or against him. Several years after, there was an addition of young members; some of the old members had died, and others had moved away. With these changes the deacon's case was brought up again, and by a vote of the majority he was restored to the fellowship of the church, those who formerly voted against him, making no resistance.

While the deacon's case was pending, he took me in hand, by presenting to the church seven articles of grievance against me; and expecting that those who sympathised with him might not be wholly impartial, I had some fear concerning the result.

But after a strenuous effort by the complainant to convict me, I was acquitted by an unanimous vote on every article. One article read thus:—"I thought the Elder was not as thankful as he ought to have been, when I gave him a present." Another,—“The Elder undertook to dictate to me in my business, and said I was wrong in feeding my swine with new milk.”

The others were very similar. When I considered the deacon's *wish* to convict me, together with the fact that I had lived within a few rods of him for many years, I was almost surprised that he did not assail me with much heavier allegations.

His next step was to call me to a rigid settlement of all my matters of debt. It was ascertained that instead of six hundred, I owed him between nine and ten hundred dollars! The church had not paid a dollar of the interest on the six hundred dollar note! And beside, he

had an account against me of frightful length. He insisted on my giving him a note for the whole. I could never pay it. I offered to restore the land, with the house and improvements, together with fifty acres of wild land in Vermont, and more I could not do. He finally concluded to be so lenient as to accept of the offer! I then thought and still think that he treated me with severity, at least in language. The reader will perceive that there was wanting on the part of the church to fulfil the agreement, the interest on the six hundred dollars, for nine years. This sum the deacon reckoned against me. And as another violation of those agreements; those who assisted me in building my house, insisted upon its going towards their assessments to remunerate me for preaching, and thus the cost of the house fell on my shoulders.

After the above settlement, it will be seen that I was left about as poor as Job after his rough handling by the prince of darkness. I was without house or home, and concluded that I must leave my dear friends in C., and serve some other people. The church in Newport learning my situation gave me a call to settle with them.

At this stage of things the church inquired if I had determined to leave them. In reply, I said that it was not my desire, unless obliged to do so. They then provided me a home by purchasing a place for twelve hundred dollars, three years pay day. This movement made me most wretched for years to come. The church were to pay one half and I the other; and during the three years in which they were paying their part, they were not to pay me any salary; of course I must make

out this six hundred dollars within three years, and maintain a numerous family.

I was driven to the necessity of borrowing money, of contracting one debt to pay another; and of interest money, I have paid hundreds upon hundreds of dollars. I grappled with poverty, labored with my own hands, and struggled to satisfy my creditors, and maintain the character of an honest man. But probably it is quite as consistent to blame myself as to impute the severities and hardships of life to the neglect of my employers. The consideration that I was an unfaithful steward gave me a pungent sense of unworthiness, and left but a small measure of courage to stand up for my right, as every good minister ought to do in this selfish world; otherwise he must dig, beg, or starve. I ought to have held my brethren to their promise, and not indulged them in dishonest negligence, which would have been greatly to their benefit, and saved me from much trouble. Most seriously do I advise my brethren in the ministry, to study to please God in their official course, and stand up for their right with the flock, which they engage to feed with the sincere milk of the word.

Towards the close of the first revival which I witnessed in C., a cloud of darkness came over my mind. All hope in the mercy of God was lost, which left me on the borders of despair. It seemed to me that all the anguish of mind the converts had expressed was not to be compared with mine. But one morning I ventured to read a portion of scripture and engage in prayer. With much trembling I turned to the gospel of John, and had not read far before the scene was

changed; all was light; my soul was made like the chariot of Aminadab; my views of truth, and of the way of life and salvation, dispersed all the midnight darkness; my feet seemed them to be taken from the horrible pit and set upon the rock of Christ, if they had never been before! And,

“ My tongue broke out in unknown strains,
And sung surprising grace.”

It appeared that I could never again doubt the goodness of God; or that he had made me a joint heir with Christ to an inheritance undefiled, reserved for me in heaven. But, alas! how deceitful is the human heart! I have had serious doubts respecting the validity of those exercises, as well as others I have presented to the reader.

While I was pastor of the Cornish church, the war waged between this nation and England, and the part which I then took, has been grievous to me since. I drank into the war spirit, and delivered addresses and harrangues upon the awful conflict which swallowed up morals, men and money, and fixed an indellible stain upon the Christian character of both nations. With a due regard to that forbearance recommended in the word of God, we probably might have gone clear of the war and all its horrors. The situation of England at that time was peculiar, and from this arose those acts which led our government to declare war against her; and in so doing, no allowance was made for her distracted condition, being menaced by a power which had shaken almost every throne in Europe. My views of war have since undergone a material

change. Nations as well as men are obliged to obey the precepts of the sacred word, which forbids "rendering evil for evil." There is one feature in war which convinces me that a righteous God has no attribute that sides with it; namely, it showers down misery and extreme suffering indiscriminately. Look to Mexico, where the innocent women and children are slaughtered by hundreds and thousands!

Could the storm fall exclusively upon the heads of those who cause it, the case would be somewhat varied. But they are generally at such a distance from the scene of horror that they can "eat, drink and be merry." Not one in a thousand of the wretched sufferers in Mexico, had any agency in those acts of which our government complain. Thus the innocent are barbarously treated, while those who generate the curse, live at ease and enjoy the delights of earth in rich abundance. That a righteous God has pleasure in such things, I can no more believe than that he sympathises with piracy. He would as soon justify me in killing my neighbor's cattle, or even his children, to compel him to make amends for some real or imaginary evil done me. When God makes inquisition for blood, he will fill those who delight in war with their own ways. Happy will it be for those who can say, "The weapons of my warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strong holds."

But to return to my narrative. During my ministrations to that church, I was called to follow to the grave three lovely sons and their affectionate mother, the wife of my youth, and companion in life near fifty-one years. Those were bit-

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ter cups indeed, but such as are common to man. Thrice happy are those who can say with the blessed Redeemer, "The cup which my heavenly Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?" Two deaths occurred in my family under painful circumstances. While a dear son lay a corpse, I was obliged to leave my mourning house and repair to the sanctuary to minister at God's holy altar, and officiate at the Lord's Supper. My text was, "*The Lord is my portion saith my soul.*" Through the mercy of God I was not wholly comfortless.

On another occasion I was called to visit a sick person some distance from home. As it was very stormy I could not return until the next morning. When I reached home I found a son in the arms of death, with the spotted fever; he did not know me, and in a few hours the spirit took its flight. This was a very severe stroke indeed. He was about nine years of age, and I supposed him in a state of nature. Deeply did I regret my unfaithfulness while he was in health. The only course of safety is to be faithful to our children each day, for we can never know the events of to-morrow. A family may to-day be in health, and to-morrow be shrouded in mourning, for death has spread his dusky wings over them, and one or more has fallen. For twenty years there was more or less sickness in my family, which, among other things, was the cause of my worldly embarrassment. But though in low circumstances my family did not suffer materially for the necessaries of life. Through mercy we had our daily bread. I have many friends to whom I am greatly indebted for their kindness

and charity, and a slight notice in this place is but due, though I trust they will receive their reward in heaven.

In one case of extreme exigency, I made my circumstances known to friends in Plainfield, Lebanon, and Windsor, from whom I received the generous sum of one hundred dollars, which was of great service indeed to me. At another time when my land was under mortgage, I visited Lowell and Boston, to Mr. Stow's and Mr. Colver's; in Cambridge to Mr. Parker's, and in Brookline to Mr. Shailor's people; and by the influence of those kind hearted ministers, collections were taken up for me to the amount of one hundred and forty dollars. Their munificence deeply affected me, and will be remembered with emotions of gratitude, as long as memory performs its office. While for the grace of salvation I would exclaim, "Thanks to God for his unspeakable gift," I would offer him the same ascription of praise for the above named favors.

As the result of my situation, I was unable to furnish myself with books to the extent desirable. True, my supply was far better than that of the "five brethren" who "had Moses and the prophets;" for besides those, I had Christ and the apostles, which I have read abundantly, if not savingly. If I have preached error it was not because authors, ancient or modern, had misled me. Not one time in a hundred have I known the sentiments of any man respecting my text. I mention this not as an example for others, but as a specimen of the numerous disadvantages in my way. God blessed me however, with good neighbors, who favored me with the reading of Ed-

wards, Hopkins, West, Poole, Fuller, Scott, Bishop of Canterbury, and many other authors. Still I never had learning enough to "make me mad," and perhaps not enough to make me sober, or at least to render me useful in my day and generation. With more learning I might have been a more acceptable and useful preacher.

I envy no minister for his superior learning, but rejoice that many, in this respect, as well as in their excellent qualities, are my superiors. But we read that "A book that was sealed was given to one that was learned, to read, and he said I cannot, for it is sealed. And it was then delivered to one that was not learned to read, and he saith I am not learned." Thus it is obvious that all who engage in the work of the gospel ministry, need that teaching which flesh and blood cannot impart.

When I had served the church in Cornish as pastor for nearly twenty years, my health having become poor, and my prospects of usefulness small, it appeared my duty to vacate the place, for the church to call some one to the field whose labors He might crown with success. To benefit my health by riding, I chose to visit destitute churches, and preached more or less in Acworth, Unity, Plainfield, East and West Windsor, Cavendish, and Ludlow. Most if not all of these churches are now and have been for some years blessed with able pastors.

Early in the commencement of the temperance reformation, I took a lively interest in it, and lectured and formed societies in nearly forty different towns in New Hampshire and Vermont. This cause, like all others of a moral nature, has

had to contend with a host of deluded antagonists. But hitherto its success has exceeded the most sanguine expectations of its friends. May its onward march still continue; and shed its benign influence on every virtuous and useful interest this side heaven; and lay a strong hand on all and every kind of immorality this side the grave. There is, excepting sin, nothing which is oftener the working of Satan than strong drink; and therefore we may be assured that he and all his unhappy adherents will strive to maintain its popularity, and perpetuate its prevalence among men.

No man living, perhaps, is better prepared to say how precious water is, than myself, as by its use I have been cured of two diseases; one that threatened my comfort through life, the other life itself. I drank water to the exclusion of tea and coffee, as well as strong liquor. These facts I mention for the benefit of my fellow men.

In the course of my public career I have performed three missionary tours. One in the north part of Vermont and Canada, the other two in Vermont. My first was in company with Rev. John Hibbard, of whom I have spoken. This was his second, and generally he took his former track. And I cannot now say how many were heard to thank God for the precious and durable fruits of his first friendly tour among them. One would say that *he* was blessed by his preaching; another, that his *son* or *daughter* was awakened and blessed. On a certain day we called at the house of a man in Canada; who very soon came in much affected, and full of joy. With tearful eyes he said that he had been praying the Lord

to send some missionaries among them, and just as he ended his prayer his daughter saluted him with the pleasing information of our arrival, which was a gracious answer to his prayer. Hibbard was led to take those tours by the pressure of his own sympathies for those scattered here and there in the wilderness, destitute the preaching of the soul-saving gospel. He was unaided, and not rewarded by any society; but that gracious Savior, whom he delighted to preach and to recommend to his dying fellow men—knew all the way he took, and with what holy zeal he presented a crucified, risen and exalted Redeemer.

And when God shall make up his jewels, the apostles and Cary, Marshman, Ward, Newel, Hibbard, and a host of other self-sacrificing missionaries will be alike accepted and rewarded by him whose cause they enhanced, and whose kingdom they strove to upbuild. At that day the country was new and the traveling bad indeed; the houses very poor, and in many instances their living was poor, and their lodging was the same, and money was exceedingly scarce. When we arrived home after a six weeks' tour, we had jointly five or six dollars. I remember that the pious Hibbard said that if he served his master better, he would see him better rewarded.

In these three tours, I did not see one house of religious worship, excepting one or two made of logs, and so poorly lighted that I could scarcely read my text. Subsequently, when I have seen people in more ancient towns repudiate their houses of worship in favor of more splendid and pleasant ones, I have thought how happy the people of the wilderness would feel did they pos-

sess houses equal to those deserted. It was pleasing to see the zeal which the people manifested to hear the preached word. On my three tours I rode many miles in paths not "cast up." I preached many sermons, and administered baptism to a number, and constituted one church. I was, I am sensible, very much, if not wholly wanting in the necessary qualifications of a Christian missionary. The amount of good which I effected, or whether any, is known only to Him whose way is everlasting; and by whom all actions are weighed. When on my tour in Canada, I one morning walked out to see the surrounding scenery; I espied a solitary grave on an eminence; and asked the man of the house how it happened that a person was so interred. He said a man in the neighborhood lost his wife, and that her grave was opened in the common burying ground, but before her funeral it was ascertained that she had never been baptized, therefore it was thought that she was not worthy of a burial among Christianized dust.

This reminded me of the trial and language of Dr. Young. He went with a sick daughter into a new country for her health, where she died. They refused her a Christian burial, because she was a heretic in their view. The Dr. said he cursed the ground, because they refused dust to cover dust, a privilege they did not deny their dogs. The same man told me that a neighbor had his babe baptized by a transient preacher who was found to be an impostor. This information filled the mind of the father with anxiety, as he thought the validity of the ordinance depended on the good character of the administrator. He

asked advice, but his advisers were not agreed on the subject. Some thought that as he had in sincerity given up the child, and the name of the holy Trinity had been pronounced upon him, the babe would receive all the benefit which the sacred rite was designed to impart. But others contended that the bad character of the administrator was a blast upon the ordinance. There were those who gave it as their opinion, that it would be entirely consistent for him to baptize his child himself, as there was not a regular minister except at a great distance; but he said the difficulty of it was, he had forgotten the words in use, on the occasion; and as the child was healthy and bid fair to live, he thought he should risk him with the doubtful baptism. At this day, even wise men who believe that infant baptism is scriptural, might differ in opinion respecting the duty of the parent in the case presented. My opinion is, that if a man submits to the ordinance of baptism by the hand of a man who is an accredited minister of the gospel, that his baptism will be approved of God so far as relates to the candidate, although the administrator may prove to be an impostor.

Sixty years since, Baldwin, Peake, Ransom, Hibbard, and a few others, fired with seraphic zeal, went through the wilderness, not of Judea, but of New Hampshire and Vermont, offering salvation to their sinful, dying brethren, in the name and through the merits of a Savior, whom *they* had found to be precious indeed. They rode poor horses and saddles, and were poorly clothed; but all these privations, together with bad roads, cold houses, poor living, hard lodging and

little or no reward, did not move them, neither counted they their lives dear unto themselves. Their grand object was to make known the sweet savor of the name of Christ, and thus save precious souls. I do not rank myself with those venerable ministers; but could I with propriety do so, I should consider it a favor above any in the power of the world to bestow. To rest the mind of the reader, I will here relate an anecdote of a very serious character. Many years since, there lived a woman in Hanover who was a member of the Congregational church, at the college. Her husband was a great enemy to religion. At a certain time she visited her friends in Hartford, Conn. There was at the time a revival of religion in the Baptist church in that city. A number were baptized, and she was among them, being convinced that it was the scriptural way. Her husband was not with her, but when she returned and he was informed that she had become a Baptist, he was extremely embittered against her, and became her unrelenting persecutor. She being grieved with his unkind treatment, repented having been baptized. She said to herself, "If I am a Christian, heaven would have been as sure to me without baptism, as with, and I should have saved myself the trials which befall me by the severity of my enraged husband." As soon as those thoughts and reasonings sprang up in her mind, she sunk into entire despair, and thus remained during the lapse of a number of months, and for a number of days before she emerged from this lamentable situation she neither ate nor slept; indeed, such was her agony of mind, that she gnawed the flesh on her arms. At this time,

Rev. Abel Bridgman visited her, and endeavored by his conversation to assuage her grief; but to no purpose. Her soul was still in chains. He then said to her that he felt a strong desire to commit her case to God in prayer; but she objected, saying, "That it would be an insult to God, and more intensely enkindle his wrath." But he replied, "That he felt it to be his imperative duty." She at length said, "That if he must pray, she must hear him." He poured out all his soul to God, in the name of his Son. And the effectual, fervent prayer of this righteous man availed much; for before he reached his amen, her hope began to revive, the chains, bolts and bars of death became powerless, under the hand of a merciful God, who brought her up from the horrible pit and miry clay, and renewed in her mouth the song of praise. She now became willing to confess Christ before men, come life or death. But it pleased God soon to take her from a bosom pregnant with gall, to the bosom of Abraham.

During the time of my ministry in Cornish, I saw much of the goodness of the Lord in preaching the precious word, and in administering the ordinances therein enjoined. In the first reformation, which was in the winter, baptism was administered almost half a mile from any house, and sometimes the weather was very cold; but yet crowds would assemble to witness the sacred rite. The presence of the Lord rendered those seasons peculiarly solemn and interesting; and the health of the candidates was not injured to my knowledge.

This I think was very pure work indeed, and

the subjects of it held on their way, looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of their faith. During three revivals my labors were arduous, but still my satisfaction in them was unspeakably great. I would say with the poet,

“O! how sweet my labors were,
When so many came to hear.”

I hope my preaching was blest to the conversion of some sinners, but still I think more were awakened to a sense of their lost condition by hearing their fellows declare what the Lord had done for their precious souls. We had one peculiarly solemn Sabbath. It was communion season. Between twenty and thirty young converts submitted to the articles of faith, and covenants, and sat down with the church the first time to partake of the memorials of their Lord's sufferings and death. This was a season of immense joy to the church. She could say with the Psalmist, “This is the day which the Lord hath made, we will be glad and rejoice in it.” We looked back to the day when about thirty sat down to the sacramental table, but now to see two hundred compass the table of the Lord was almost overwhelming, and led us to say, “What has God wrought?” In those days our singing was almost seraphic, and this doubtless drew numbers to our house of worship. We had a brother in the church who was a most excellent choirist, who took unwearied pains to render that part of worship what it ought to be. I would advise our brethren to imitate his pious example.

When I first united with the church in Cor-

nish, it was composed of a little rising thirty members. There are now only two of those members remaining; the absent members have, I trust, joined the church triumphant. But through the mercy of God the church still lives with a great increase of members; though her beginning was small, she has from time to time been blest with the addition of humble converts to supply the place of those whom I trust were called to fill higher seats in heaven. From this church the following persons have gone out as gospel preachers, viz: Gage, Hough of India, Daniel and Horace Richardson, Gustin, Baker, and Deming. When I was first introduced to the Woodstock Association, in the days of my youth, the following ministers officiated in this region of country in the churches, viz: Leland of Chester, Seamans of New London, Ambrose of Sutton, Woodward of Wendell, Ledoit of Newport, Ransom of South Woodstock, William Grow of North Woodstock and Bridgewater, Higbee of Alstead, Jedediah Hibbard of Lebanon, John Hibbard of Royalton, John Drew of Hartford, Abel and Isaac Bridgman of Hanover, Coombs of Jamaica, Bailey of Westmoreland, Willard of Dublin, and Elliot of Mason. Higbee is yet living, the others have fallen asleep. This class of ministers with one or two exceptions were the very favorites of heaven; they were apostolic in principle, spirit, life and usefulness; and the dust with which they have mingled dust, I consider to be highly honored. They have doubtless realized in their better part, the truth and blessedness of the saying, "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the brightness of the firmament and as the stars, for

ever and ever." There was not a classical scholar among their number, yet they were mighty in the scriptures, and their language was not offensive even to the learned. They were strong-minded men by nature, and of course succeeded better without much learning than they could have done with smaller endowments. At the time when the ministers among the Baptists were not learned, it pleased God to furnish the churches with men of rare intellectual power, and a great measure of the Holy Spirit. Many very learned men as well as others have been affected and astonished upon hearing illiterate ministers expound and enforce evangelical truth; spreading light through the whole assembly which took knowledge of them, that they had been with Jesus.

Since it is understood that the ministry is to be learned, it would seem that divine providence has not been very careful to shut the door to the ministry, against men wanting in shrewdness. I mean not to disparage learning while I speak of the great merit of illiterate ministers, but would commend and magnify the grace of God, to the churches, in that he blest them with an efficient ministry in the absence of classical attainments. How much more good Christ will accomplish by a learned ministry, time will decide; but one thing is certain, if learned ministers fall as much below their fathers in piety, as they rise above them in the cultivation of the mind, it is to be feared that they will not surpass them in moral influence and usefulness in the churches.

Ledoit came from Woodstock, Conn., to Newport, and after he had served that church faithfully and usefully about twenty years, and much

endeared himself to all the churches in the region, he was unanimously invited to return to the church of his youth. By the advice of a council, his pastoral relation to the church in Newport was dissolved with the tenderest feelings on both sides. But his second race in Woodstock was short, not more than four or five years. I learnt that he was taken ill while officiating at a funeral. He observed that he should soon preach his loudest sermon by his death. I was told that while he was in conflict with the king or terrors, that unearthly music was heard by those around him.

The church at Newport, on hearing of the death of the venerable and godly man, requested me to attend with them, and give them a sermon on the occasion of his death. To this I complied, and composed a lengthy hymn to be sung on the occasion; three verses of which I here insert :

O, wondrous flight in grace's car
Beyond the orbs of light,
Gone from the realms of noise and strife,
And from all nature's sight.

Ah ! lovely man, you 've gained the land
Where holy spirits live,
No more with sin thy mind is stained,
Nor aught thy spirit grieves.

Adieu, Ledoit, thou man of God :
You 've gained the heavenly shore,
And we the brethren of your love,
Shall see your face no more.

The writer, in reviewing the scenes of a prostrated life, sees much to admire on the part of the Ruler of the Universe, and much to deplore in his own history. He has seen in the history of

others, abundant proof that imperfection cleaves to the best of men during the time of their sojourn in this state of existence. I have seen not a few men hopefully pious, greatly err and wound the cause of Christ. I have seen many high professors wholly apostatize, and return again into Egypt. Since the morning of my life, I have been acquainted with many ministers of all denominations, and only a minority of them have gone through life with an unsullied reputation, as ministers of Christ. Some have been cast down by wine, others by women; some have left the ministry and gone into worldly speculation; others have given up the ministry, and have stepped on to the political arena, and have sought office in Cæsar's kingdom.

A number have committed suicide. Many have departed from the faith, and have embraced false doctrines. But some have gone through their earthly pilgrimage, as seeing him that is invisible, and as remembering the sacred words, "Thou God seest me," and their sun has sunk below the western horizon without a darkening cloud. They could say with an apostle, "I have fought a good fight, I have kept the faith."

These things have often affected me, while they confirm the sentiment, that but a few will finally reach heaven; and that some men of distinction in the church in this world, will be disowned of Christ in the world to come. I have therefore had many doubts respecting my good standing in Christ, and have, to this day; but in my darkest hours, I can bless God that he in his mercy held me from being a public scandal to the Christian cause. The fall of others has press-

ed home this scripture: "Let him who thinketh he standeth, take heed, lest he fall." In reviewing my life, I see many things to lament in my own conduct, and I admire the forbearance of God towards me, a very unworthy creature. At times, I fear that my life is protracted in judgment; that I may fill an iniquitous cup to the brim. But when I consider that I have seen and tasted much of the goodness of the Lord, during my earthly pilgrimage, I am led to hope for great things ahead.

I must soon lay aside my harness, put on the shroud, and be called to my final account. Pungent sorrow becomes me, that I have not run more straightly and with more agility the Christian race; that I have not fought better and done more to promote that cause which interests earth, and has the sympathy of all in heaven. My departure will soon be announced, and I am sure that my life has merited but few tears for that solemn event; and I doubtless shall have more than I should durst ask, were I to speak from the dead.

In the course of my protracted ministry, the following I consider my greatest defects. I have been wanting in a faithful, prayerful, persevering study of the word of God. "Preach the word," is a divine command. A mere novice may talk to any amount about it, but none can preach it successfully and usefully unless he understands it, and none but the faithful student can understand it in a measure which will enable him to teach others. I am not with those who believe that the Holy Ghost will lead a preacher into the sentiments of his text miraculously, without the

efforts of his mind. A wise preacher will, upon his bended knees, pray God to make him feel the power of truth in his soul, and enable him to study it with delight, and to infinite advantage; but to expect a sermon made ready to his hand by the spirit of God, would be as absurd as it would for a man to look to him to frame his house.

Those ministers who most love the "word," will study most and will best understand it, and the most clearly preach it.

An apostle said to Timothy: "Give thyself to reading, to meditation, to doctrine;" and neither the authority or utility of this exhortation have been antiquated by time.

The scriptures are a vast field, and whoever will become an adept in them, and a useful teacher of them, must study them perseveringly and prayerfully. I have cause to reflect with grief, upon my deficiency in this respect. My situation in life has not allowed me as much time for reading as more favored persons have enjoyed, but yet I could have read more, and thus have been more useful. It is said that knowledge is power; and the more knowledge a preacher possesses, the greater is his power to do good.

I have studied the scriptures professionally by far too much to learn what to say to others, while I ought to have studied them to learn what they said to me. "The husbandman must first be partaker of the fruit," saith an apostle. A man who does not know what the word says to him, is illy prepared to apply it to others.

I have given too many of my thoughts and too much of my time to the politics of the day. A minister has a right, like other men, to acquaint

himself with the political state of the country in which he lives, and to give his suffrage to whom he pleases to manage the affairs of state ; but if his mind be deeply imbued with party politics, he will waste his spirituality, lower himself exceedingly, and greatly retard his usefulness in the church. No candid man will blame a minister for his opinion, nor for his voting according to it ; but if he becomes a warm politician, a bar-room stickler in politics, and is found lifting up his voice in conventions and caucuses, he will greatly mar his ministerial character, and neutralize his efforts to enlarge the church and save souls. Let any worldly concern predominate in a minister's mind, and his prayers and preaching will be as dead as the body without the spirit, and he virtually rock his church to sleep. A minister, to be useful, must be spiritually minded. The politician, the warrior, the navigator, may accomplish their designs without a religious frame of mind, but a minister cannot. Without the spirit of Christ, he is as impotent in relation to his appropriate work, as Sampson was with his shorn locks.

I have patronized war and shedding of blood. In the last war with England, I was full of the war spirit, which, to a great extent, disqualified me for usefulness as a Christian minister. I now believe that nations and governments are as strictly obligated to obey the precepts of the gospel as churches and individuals are. The gospel forbids rendering evil for evil. No earthly power can abrogate this command. If the men of the world will fight and kill each other, Christians and Christian ministers ought to remember that

the weapons of their warfare ought to be spiritual and mighty through God. Their appropriate work is to save souls by spreading the savor of the name of the Son of God throughout the world. I have been deficient in prayer, both as respects number and spirituality. A praying minister is the only one who pleases God, and who can reasonably expect the blessing of God. The Savior said: "Come ye after me, and I will make you to become fishers of men." The most prayerful minister follows the most closely his divine master; and him will his master honor in the edification of the church and the conversion of sinners.

Dr. Stillman said that "a minister ought to go from his knees to the pulpit, and from thence to his knees." All ministers who realize the worth of souls, will pray most ardently that God may render their preaching efficacious in their salvation. In this case I have been painfully deficient. And I sincerely hope, that those who read these lines, will be admonished by them, to be instant and fervent in prayer. Furthermore, I have not preached as frequently as my situation allowed. This deficiency has been owing to a want of spiritual life, without which a minister cannot realize those infinitely important things connected with and resulting from the gospel ministry. The pharisee fasted and prayed too much and too long; and doubtless some men preach too frequently for their health and usefulness. Their sermons are light and stale, and as monotonous as the song of the evening bird.

A minister, to preach well, must take time to think, to read and study. But a good spiritual minister will cheerfully preach as frequently as he

can consistently. The scriptures contain an almost infinite variety of topics, and a faithful minister will delight to spread them before the great congregation. I have been greatly wanting in system and regularity in my worldly concerns ; in consequence of which, my usefulness and happiness have been much curtailed. I have not been faithful and strict with my employers respecting the payment of my salary, and of course I was not punctual in the payment of my debts. Indeed, not being paid myself promptly, I viewed myself innocent in a tardy payment of my creditors. Some who knew my situation compassionated me ; others blamed me, doubtless. I have been driven to hire money from the days of my youth, at 6 and 7 and 12 per cent. And this to me has been a source of vexation almost beyond what my pen can write. I know not how many have signed notes with me. And then at times I was on tiptoe, lest I should injure them ; but I am pleased with the certainty that I never did. And here I do with fulness of heart advise all young ministers to keep as clear of debt as possible. Prefer rather to wear a thread bare coat and patched boots and shoes, and to ride a cheap horse and ordinary carriage, than to possess all in high perfection, and be indebted for them to the men of this heartless world. In thus doing you will stand better with yourselves, with the earth, the church, and with heaven. In my public career, I have been too inattentive to the wants and happiness of my own dear family. Every man's primary concern is with his own soul ; and next is his family. If these two interests are neglected, other interests will not be regarded faithfully and successfully.

A minister deeply imbued with the love of souls, may from a peculiarity of circumstances, be so overwhelmed with public duties, as to neglect, to a great extent, the interests of his own house. But in general, those ministers who neglect their families neglect themselves, and are not the most useful in the church. An apostle thought that a man who did not take care of his own house, would but illy take care of the church. For myself, I do not plead that my inattention to my own family is to be ascribed to my superior regard for the interests of the church and of souls; neither have I said to the contrary. And I will only add, may God forgive me in this case as far as I am guilty. And I do now most seriously advise all young ministers to look well to their families. Give them a good religious education. Teach them the fear of God. Train them to habits of industry and good economy. Try to give them a love to good order. Teach them benevolence; and to abhor all cruelty, even to the brute creation. Teach them to regard all the heirs of immortality as their brethren and sisters, equally worthy with themselves of all those privileges for which our fathers fought and bled, and for which the Savior bled and died. In early life lead them to the charitable box, to deposit therein the widow's two mites, if not more. A family piously educated, is a blessing to the world, and to the church; and doubtless will cause joy in heaven.

In my pastoral and parochial visits I have been wanting in usefulness; but not wholly on account of worldly conversation; yet I often spent the time in reading some new book or newspaper,

At the same time I knew that it was not treating the family politely, inasmuch as I was pleasing and serving myself, to their prejudice, if I was prepared to converse to the edification of the families visited.

A minister in his weekly visits should in his conversation, fasten the truths which he preached the preceding Sabbath upon the minds of his people, and prepare them for his next effort in the sanctuary of the Lord. If nothing of this is done, the reasoning part of his hearers will say, does our minister believe and carry out in his life, the doctrine which he with seeming zeal urges upon his hearers? A good man, the talents of whose preacher hardly reached mediocrity, once said that his minister could not preach as much in a day as many others, but he would preach as much in a week, by his uniform Christian conversation.

Every minister's conversation amongst his parishioners should be such as to add great force to his pulpit appeals. In this point I have greatly erred, and have cause to plead, "O Lord forgive, and enable all thy true ministering servants to have their conversation in heaven."

In the early part of my ministry, I erred in selecting for discussion, passages of sacred scripture, which were too deep for my power of investigation. The Psalmist said: "I do not exercise myself in things too high for me." Had I have been as humble as he was, doubtless I should have been alike prudent. I in early life, exchanged pulpits with an aged, wise minister, on a very cold day; and we met in the morning on our way to the house of worship. "Now,"

said he, "it is very cold, and we must have mercy on the bodies as well as the souls of our hearers. I would advise you not enter upon a deep subject; but engage with a plain, easy text, and offer a few plain truths to your hearers, and enforce them upon their consciences, and then dismiss them." Doubtless the people were favored by this advice; and certain, I was not injured. Doubtless he thought it was best for me not to engage in very deep things, even in warm weather.

It is with some young ministers, as it is with young boys, who are ambitious to engage in work above their years. When I was about thirteen years old, my uncle, on leaving the lot in which we were at work, gave me orders to be performed during his absence; but I took his scythe and employed my time in mowing; and as this was my first effort, I thought I succeeded quite well, and expected I should gain the applause of my uncle; but alas! he chastised me for a violation of orders.

I preached from texts, when young, that I should not think it safe to engage with at this time of life. I have erred in that I have not, when addressing my hearers, been as serious and as importunate as if I knew it to be my last effort. Every preacher ought thus to acquit himself when treating upon eternal realities; and they ought to pray, believing that a blessing will result from every truly evangelical effort.

I have taken great satisfaction at times in presenting Christ as the only Savior of a guilty race, and in administering the ordinances of the New Testament.

I have in different places led many into the water, on profession of faith, most of whom, as far as I know, have in subsequent life given evidence that they had risen with Christ to newness of life ; but a number have given painful evidence that they were not sincere penitents for sin.

I have united in marriage a large number formerly, but of late this honor is denied me. The youth of this day of fashion and splendor, cars and steam, would no sooner allow me to marry them than they would appear on the occasion in costume that was in vogue in the days of Martin Luther. But in this case I am not solitary, for grey headed men, at this day, are many of them set behind beardless boys. A hoary headed minister in the pulpit, to many would seem as useless as an old foundered steed upon the race ground, with a heavy bet upon his head.

It is a divine maxim : "He must increase but I must decrease." All professional men must experience the truth of this sacred declaration ; and the more cheerfully, the better for themselves. This always has and ever will be the case with public men ; and to fret, resist and determine to stand their ground, would be as unavailing as it would for a maiden lady of the age of sixty, to vex her soul because time in her had blasted those charms in possession of which, she might share the admiration of the nymphs with whom she is surrounded. But the present is a remarkable day. Customs, manners and men become hoary and antique very early. The minds of men are in a peculiar state. They are fast breaking away from ancient boundaries and landmarks, even in moral principles ; it is an age of fashion and gaily-

ty and worldly mindedness. Your religion, in all its departments, must be dressed like the inmates of the King's palace. Everything must appear enchanting, fascinating and lively. An aged and time worn minister to stand up to preach in a splendid desk, and all things else bright and sparkling, would seem like presenting fruit to a splendid party, in a brown wooden bowl.

Here I would observe, that to a hungry man, food presented thus, would be cheerfully received. And a man who should open his mouth wide, that God might fill it, would be willing that he should do it by such an agent as he should choose. When Joshua called up Agag the King, to hew him in pieces, he said the bitterness of death was past. So with me, the bitterness of being thrown upon the back ground, overlooked by the master spirit of the day, has past away. If I ever sought publicity and honor of men, I think at present I prefer the honor which cometh from God only; am quite contented to pass the remaining inch of life in as great a measure of obscurity as can fall to my lot.

But I hope the time will come, when the churches will abound in sober piety and true Godliness, and hold hoary-headed ministers in repute, nor press them to quit the field so long as they can wield the implements of the Christian warfare, and help carry forward the cause which invites to its aid and promises a great reward to the man who has but one talent.

There is a glorious day to the church drawing near. The day star is up; a sure indication that the night is far gone, and the day is at hand. I shall not live to see it in full splendor, nor ought

Be anxious in the case; but pray to be thankful for the light, truth and grace which I have seen displayed in this fallen, sin-stricken world.

Many speculations respecting the millenium have found their way into the world, which had no tendency to render men either holier or happier. Mr. Miller is not the only errorist on this subject.

A millenium of a thousand years is promised to the church. But it is evident that the time has not yet come; for Satan has not been bound, as he will be through that auspicious and glorious day. It is not given us to know the times and the seasons which the Father has put in his own power.

The commencement of the millenium is at present a secret with God, while the peculiarities of it are much more dear. A principal feature in the character of the millenium, will consist of a vast increase of holiness on the earth, as I understand the scripture on this subject. Let us then labor, and pray to have much of the beauty of the Lord upon us. Thus shall we be prepared for millennial light and glory, if we should live to see the time; and if we should not, we shall be prepared for that blessed state, where the spirits of just men are made perfect. The above remarks are incidental, as I had not thought of discussing the subject at length. Those persons who discuss and enforce the precepts of the gospel, and so persuade men to assume their native dignity, and act in a manner agreeing with their relation to the moral universè, serve their generation much better than those who exhaust themselves in speculations which have no practical bearing.

The reader will perhaps be gratified to receive some account of my brother, Clark Kendrick, who labored many years in the gospel ministry. To this I therefore consent to devote a short space, as it may be pleasing to his widow and children, and those who enjoyed his ministry and acquaintance.

At an early age he was thrown upon the mercies of a cold, selfish world, by the death of his father. The trials and hardships he suffered, greatly injured his health, and at the age of eighteen there were alarming symptoms of consumption. A change of situation and employment was recommended, and therefore, after a long journey by which his health was much improved, he engaged in teaching. The godly conversation of the family in which he boarded, led him to cry out in deep distress, "What shall I do to be saved?" For about six weeks he continued in the greatest darkness and anguish of mind, when the day star arose in his heart, he meekly submitted to the yoke of Christ, and found inexpressible delight in so doing. He soon followed the Savior into the watery grave, and united with the Baptist church in Hanover. This surprising change in his spiritual state was immediately followed with serious impressions, that he *must* preach the gospel. These convictions he at once rejected, but they were enforced upon him with increased power, and after a most severe conflict the point was yielded, and he exclaimed with the prophet, "Here am I, Lord, send me."

The next question was, where he should make the attempt. He feared to come before the people in Hanover, and therefore desired to set his

face towards the west. Accordingly he asked and received a letter from the church, and taking an affectionate but sorrowful leave of the brethren, he traveled to Salem, N. Y., where he was cordially received, and treated with all possible kindness by Rev. Obed Warren. Mr. Warren obtained a school for him, and at a ministers' meeting, introduced the lad to his brethren, by whom he was examined in his Christian experience, and his call to the ministry, and "bid God speed" in the great work. Upon this, Mr. W. invited him to preach to his own congregation, and after improving his gift as he had opportunity for a short time, he received an invitation to preach in Poultney, Vt.

The Baptists were few in number, and then had no place of worship, and as the Congregational church had no minister, both denominations met together. Soon after my brother began to sow seed, he was permitted to gather in the fruit. A very powerful reformation commenced; conversions were numerous, and baptismal scenes frequent.

The warm reception given to Baptist sentiments alarmed the Congregationalists, and an opposition was made to my brother's preaching in their house. A general meeting of all concerned in the house was called, and a majority of them chose to leave him to go on. But dissatisfaction prevailed, which led the Baptists to take themselves out of the way. They soon erected a spacious house for themselves, in which my brother preached until his voice was silenced in death.

Under his ministry the church increased in

numbers, knowledge and piety, and became the most efficient Baptist church west of the mountain, if not in the State. Uninterrupted harmony prevailed between pastor and people during the term of his labor with them, which was over twenty years.

They treated him with surpassing kindness and respect, and his attachment for the church was like that of a father to his child. Many, indeed, were his spiritual children. Every revolving year, as fresh acts of kindness were mutually manifested, the fellowship was strengthened until death rent it asunder, and he was called to the church triumphant.

Those churches and pastors which are favored with but a short union, know but little of the tender love and fellowship enjoyed by this church and pastor for many years. The words of the prophet seemed to be fulfilled in their case, "As a young man marrieth a virgin, so shall thy sons marry thee."

His labors were various and abundant. He was frequently called to attend councils, a sphere of labor by no means desirable. He was appointed to preach the election sermon before the Legislature of Vermont, and served as chaplain during the session.

In the latter part of his life he was sent on a missionary tour into western New York and Pennsylvania. But this enterprise proved too much for his wasted constitution. It was in the winter season, and at the time of the war with England; and at that day he could not avoid being greatly exposed. When he returned he was broken down, and the powers of life seemed giving way.

He never recovered his former vigor, but his strength gradually declined until his death, though he continued to preach some three years longer.

The Sabbath before he died, he repaired to the house of worship, but was too feeble to preach, and the following Thursday he was struck with a paralytic shock which made him sensible that he had nearly reached the end of his course. But he was calm and resigned. The most of the time he was rational, though there were seasons when his reason failed him. Near the closing scene, he prayed very sensibly, and closed as follows: "Amen and Amen. The prayers of David, the son of Jesse, are ended."

The following Sabbath evening, at his request, he was raised from his bed and placed in a chair; and in a few moments, he fell asleep in Jesus, at the age of forty-eight. If we may measure a man's years by the amount of service performed, then he may be reckoned, as his appearance indicated, as a very aged man. His funeral drew together a vast concourse of people, who were anxious to see once more the face of him who had often caused them gladness of heart. On the occasion, a subscription paper was circulated through the assembly, and three hundred dollars were raised for his widow and fatherless children. This indicated that he was highly esteemed in the community where he had spent the most of his life.

He left five sons and three daughters; but two of the latter in a few years followed him, and soon after the third; she went to Georgia for her health, and there found her grave. The sons

are all living. The second is professor of languages in Madison University. The youngest is a Baptist minister in Georgia, where the other three are engaged in mercantile business. Their honored mother lives with the Professor at Hamilton, N. Y. He greatly endeared himself to all young ministers with whom he became acquainted, by his affectionate and tender treatment. Their defects he would point out in a kind and fatherly manner. He was greatly interested in the education of young men who were looking towards the ministry. Madison University, in Hamilton, N. Y., drew out all his sympathy, and with it he almost identified his happiness and life. Had he known that one of his own sons would have composed a part of its efficient board of instruction, he might have richly felt repaid for all his efforts.

Though he was a self taught man, a Vermont College complimented him with the degree of A. M. I trust he did not seek it, for I esteem it contrary to the instruction of Christ: "Be not called Rabbi." As to the difference between being called Rabbi and D. D., I leave it for those who receive and are pleased with the title to decide.

The remainder of this volume will consist of miscellaneous matter.

DOCTRINE.

I am, and ever have been, strictly a Calvinist, not a fatalist. As to sect, I am a Baptist; and there are three passages of scripture which I think will sustain me, viz :

1. "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he who believeth not shall be damned."

2. "Go and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

3. "Buried with Christ in baptism."

In the course of my pilgrimage, I have known many ministers and churches set out upon the open communion system; they made a profession of Christianity the term, and the only term, of admission into the church. They started, as they supposed, under good auspices; but their days have long since been numbered and finished. People without fixed sentiments, may jumble together with ease; but different denominations of men, each one being sure that his sentiments are a transcript of God's holy word, cannot unite in one church relation. "How can two walk together," says the prophet, "unless they be agreed?" Let each denomination stand on its own ground, and there cultivate a spirit and temper of love towards each other, and behave in a dignified manner, avoiding all intrigue to build up themselves and supplant their brethren.

LIFE AND TIMES OF SECRET SOCIETIES.

For Christians to become members of secret combinations, such as Masons, Odd Fellows, Sons of Temperance, &c., I think to be an error of great magnitude, and a violation of the sacred scriptures, which say: "He that doeth truth cometh to the light, that his deeds may be made manifest that they are wrought in God."

The murder of Morgan was a great evil indeed, but God overruled it for good, in that it opened the eyes of many, and led them to see that the Institution carried in its face the mark of the beast.

Some men are endeavoring to revive and give popularity to the unchristian Society. But I should be glad to hear some man with the piety and inspiration of Joshua say the same respecting it, that he said of the fallen Jericho, "Cursed be the man before the Lord, that riseth up and buildeth this city, Jericho; he shall lay the foundation thereof in his first-born, and in his youngest son shall he set up the gates of it."

SLAVERY.

This idol of our boasted land of Liberty (?) is, in my opinion, a violation of the moral law and the precepts of the gospel. The former requires a man to "love his neighbor as himself," and of course to carry out this holy affection in his life. Is there a slaveholder on earth who would be a slave? It is then a breach of the moral law to

enslave his fellow man. Is there one who would be willing that either his son or daughter should be reduced to slavery? What right, according to the moral law, has he to enslave others? The same principle is a precept of the gospel. "Whosoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even the same unto them." As there is not a human being who would be willing that himself, or his child, should be brought under the curse of slavery, therefore, to enslave a fellow man is as palpable a violation of the law and the gospel, as murder is of the sixth commandment.

It is written, "Love worketh no ill to its neighbor." And is there a slaveholder on earth, who can muster up a sufficient measure of audacity, to say, that to chattelize, to inhumanize, to compel a man to labor all his days, without reward; that to withhold useful and necessary knowledge; to prevent a man's reading the volume of divine truth; to separate husbands and wives, parents and children, brothers and sisters; to subject virtuous, pious females to the licentiousness of vile, dastardly masters; to give out bread by weight and water by measure; to be under task masters like the Israelites in Egypt,—what man, I say, can be so audacious and inhuman as to say, that to subject a man, or millions of men to the above condition, "is working no evil to his neighbor?" Nay, as blind and as selfish as Dr. Fuller appears to be, I cannot think that he would dare assert it.

It is much to be lamented that when Christian, and even heathen nations, are awakened to the sin and inhumanity of slavery, that Dr. F. should exert all his intellectual and religious influence to

perpetuate an institution which has received the malediction of heaven on its injustice and cruelty. True, the Dr. assumes to (does he really?) believe that God is well pleased with slavery! and is only displeased with the abuse of it. His scriptural, heaven-born slavery, as defined, consists in compelling a man to serve him without reward.

This, then, is the principle upon which we are to act towards each other, is it? Well, then, shall I apply it? Shall I take the Dr. and compel him to serve me without reward? Ah, no! says the good Dr., justly enough! I am a citizen of this Republic, and a disciple of the Savior! If I serve you, a reward will be my due, and I must have it! If you need a servant, take one from his degraded, heathenish condition. Then this is where the principle applies, is it? A free Christian citizen of this Republic must take the poor degraded heathen and compel him to serve him without reward! Would it not be a fine recommend of his principles of freedom and Christianity, to cheat a poor heathen of the reward due him for his services? But, says our good brother Fuller, the inhabitants of Africa are in a much worse condition than they would be in the servitude for which I contend; the change would be for their good, and might result in the salvation of their souls.

Then it is necessary to deprive the brethren of their liberty, and wrong them of the reward due for their service, in order to raise them from heathenism and save their souls, is it? It must be evident that the colored race may be civilized and Christianized without subjecting them to so much

wrong. Such generous humanity and benevolence may be turned to better account than to subject those objects of pity to rewardless servitude. Send them missionaries. Let one-fourth the amount expended to support slavery, be appropriated for this purpose, and the compassionate feelings of the heart would not be exercised in vain. This would certainly more favorably recommend Christianity than defrauding them of the just reward of their service.

But it is said that the unreasonableness of it is not the thing, but that its scriptural authority is what is contended for? Let us look for that, then. But let me premise: how does it happen that you are a citizen of this Republic, and advocate the principles of liberty? Why do you not advocate the monarchical government of the good old Bible times?

Very true, in answer to your question, in ancient times God gave orders for the appointment of a king, and gave such instructions as were necessary to regulate the conduct of the people towards the kingly office. But it was not designed to be perpetual; though there is nothing said in scripture of its abrogation, yet monarchical government was only permitted, and the principles of Republicanism, (be careful not to give the cause of liberty too much ground!) were obviously designed for human governments; hence I advocate them.

I have no objections to your views on this point, but let us apply your reasoning to your scriptural authority for slavery. Immediately after the flood, it was said of the descendants of Ham, "Cursed be Canaan; a servant of servants

shall be her." But this is the farthest possible from making slavery scriptural. If we look to other portions of the divine oracles, we shall find the record of instructions, by which the traffic in slavery, and the conduct of masters towards them, were to be regulated; but even there, we can find nothing rendering it perpetual. And if we look still farther, we shall find scripture which set definable and impassable limits to slavery; and if carried out, would wholly put an end to the system in human society. In the year of Jubilee, all were required to give liberty to their servants or slaves; they were commanded to "Break every yoke, and let the oppressed go free." When this is done, what possible chance is there, if the feelings of humanity are carried out, ever to renew the system? Who that loves his neighbor as himself, can compel his neighbor to serve him without reward? It is said that there is no censure cast upon slavery in the New Testament. I answer, there is, in the clearest, strongest language possible: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even the same unto them."

The prohibition of slavery in direct, positive terms, could not be more forcible than this. American slavery is a violation, therefore, of the laws of humanity and of God, and ought, in the soonest, best manner possible, be done away. But while there are thousands who feel the solemn force of the divine mandate; "Break every yoke, and let the oppressed go free," and are striving by their money, efforts and prayers, to accomplish the glorious object, Dr. F. is lifting the yoke with iron, that it may defy human effort to break

it! It seems to me that Dr. Wayland, in his discussion with Dr. F., praised his piety too much! When we are laboring to recover a brother from the error of his ways, it is no time to puff him up with his extraordinary piety. I know of no good reason why those who enslave and traffic in the bodies and souls of men, should be caressed and cheered by the right hand of fellowship, any more readily than if they openly practised any other sin against God. Some think slavery must be touched very tenderly, so as not to offend its votaries; but it must be so handled, that ultimately its heart's blood shall be poured out as a liberation to the cause of emancipation.

This nation is now deeply scourged by the hand of God, and I fear that heavier judgments will fall upon it ere long, on account of its violation of the pure principles of morality. Our government, whose public documents declare, in thunder tones, with the view to affect the world, that, "All men are created free and equal, and that they possess certain inalienable rights, such as life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," is giving irrefragible proof of a determination to render slavery as lasting as the sun and moon.

As a proof of this, I call up the annexation of Texas, and the bloody, unrighteous war now raging in Mexico; both are most surely the legitimate offspring of slave policy. But there is one source of comfort. God is able in his inscrutable wisdom, so to control the methods taken to increase and perpetuate slavery, that they will be the certain means of its downfall, and of the introduction of a glorious jubilee to millions, whose cries have gone up to heaven on oc-

count of their cruel bondage. To him, when we have done all he requires of us, we commit the whole matter.

MINISTERIAL CHANGES.

If it were true of me that I had increased in wisdom as days have multiplied upon me, I should doubtless be able to tender some advice to the beloved denomination to which I, at least nominally, belong. But it is a painful truth, that days do not teach wisdom to all; indeed, they do to but few. Should I say that my wisdom tallies with my days, my conscience would cry out of wrong. But still I must beg indulgence. The prophet Isaiah, in speaking of the church, says: "As a man marrieth a virgin, so shall thy sons marry thee." And "Thine eyes shall see thy teacher." By these passages, the relation between pastor and church is represented by the marriage relation. But in years past, the union of pastor and church is so short that it hardly remunerates for the trouble and expense of the marriage. In many instances, the minister's term of service is so limited that he and the church scarcely become acquainted before a divorce puts a period to the relation, by which both are injured. By frequent removals a minister's mind and time are engaged, to a great extent, in things foreign to his office; herein he is a great loser; his life is short, his work arduous, and he has no time to throw away. Besides, by frequent changes, ministers will become like Pharaoh's

lean kine, as it relates to his mind. If after preaching to one church a few years, he becomes pastor of another, he will be very likely to feed his new charge with the same milk he dealt out to his preceding flock. Let him pursue this course, and he will wear life away and die a dwarf, not having been studious or prayerful, that he might descend deeper and deeper into the great and glorious doctrines of grace. I think it would be a good thing for him when entering upon a new charge, to resign all his old notes to the deacon, for safe keeping until his term of service with them comes to a close; or according to Professor Smith, burn them up.

It is altogether best for him to come before the people with a sermon new to himself, he will enjoy it best; and will deliver it with a greater measure of energy. If he depends on his old sermons, and neglects study, effort and prayer, in prospect of entering the desk, he will assuredly fall asleep—he will not interest his hearers, and they will sleep with him. It will be like people, like priest.

And he does still worse who is always pushing upon the same theme, be it ever so good. This he must and will do unless he is an industrious, studious man. In order to succeed well, the pastor of a church must bring out of the treasury, things new, as well as old; he must perceive the excellence of the truth, and realize its saving power upon his own soul.

A church which is frequently changing its ministers will acquire a bad taste; become capitious, and difficult; yea, they will become so critical and nice in their taste, that the Lord

himself could scarcely fix a man to their liking.

If destitute churches are more intent upon obtaining a preacher of pleasing manners, eloquent address, and high literary attainments, rather than a man sound in doctrine, and of deep piety, greatly spiritual in his life and conversation, they cannot expect a blessing, but the reverse.

The gospel ministry is an institution too sacred to be subject to airy fancy, corrupt taste, and ill humor. A man extremely hungry and thirsty will not be fastidiously nice respecting the vessels in which the needed blessings are presented. Neither will churches, while hungering and thirsting for the grace of God, and living by faith in his Son, be disposed to treat contemptuously a minister who gives evidence of piety, and a call to preach the word, although he may be wanting in some of those qualities which embellish and set a man off to the view of those who do not consider that God looketh on the heart. A church which has a minister whose talents come up to mediocrity, and is studious, correct in doctrine, and pious in conversation, ought to be contented and thankful. And a minister who speculates in his talents, setting himself up for the highest bidder, had infinitely better be speculating in western land, and this he will discover sooner or later, to his sorrow. To an apostle, the indications of providence were clear, in favor of his going to Macedonia to preach the gospel. And at this day, he that prayerfully looks to God, and wisely regards the leadings of his providence, respecting the theatre of his labors, acts the most consistent part. And when he is settled with a church, who love, respect and treat him kindly,

let him be cautious of leaving that dear flock, in favor of another which might perhaps give him a few quarts more of milk, or bestow upon him a heavier fleece.

Let a minister move a few times in quick succession, and he will be shorn of more than half his ministerial consequences. If a splendid looking horse should pass from hand to hand, observing men would say there was doubtless some hidden defect in him. It would be the same with a minister. Men of rare excellence are not likely to become wandering stars. Witness Stillman, Baldwin, Backus, Smith of Haverhill, Seaborn, Leland, Farnham, and Stoughton. But I may be asked, what shall the minister do, who has within a short time been repudiated by several churches? He had better begin to suspect some defect in his character, or that he must continue to enlarge his pond a little. It is not contended that the same minister and church should in all cases continue together during life; but that there ought to be good reasons for their forming a connection, and equally good reasons for parting asunder.

It is acknowledged by the judicious, that the frequent removals of pastors is a lamentable evil. And I suspect one great cause is the want of spirituality of mind, in both ministers and churches. The latter look with the eye of an eagle after a preacher who will answer their worldly, popular views and feelings; one who has the knack of pleasing all the people, a kind of tact to which their Master was a stranger. It is to be feared that they do not pray for a man after the Savior's own image, who would lift up his voice like a

trumpet, leading the church away from the world without the camp to bear the reproach of Christ. And it is to be feared that ministers are too frequently influenced by worldly motives; that they think too much of an earthly, and by far too little of an eternal reward. Perhaps they are desirous to settle in a pleasant place, and where they can live at ease, in splendor, rather than seek the place where they are most needed, and can sow the seed of the word with the fairest prospect of an abundant harvest.

A union of pastor and church formed upon such motives, is not of the right character, and conflicting interests would be likely to result in a divorce.

Remembering that death will soon palsy his hand, the writer is strongly inclined to present to his brethren a few words upon another topic.

THE MISSIONARY ENTERPRISE.

This cause has already effected a measure of blessedness upon which, doubtless the angels look with delight, and which the developments of eternity will show to be pleasing to him who came into this world on a mission of mercy.

This holy, enterprise commenced with those who had caught a measure of that spirit of love which drew the Savior from heaven to earth with the cross in full view; and by such men it must be carried forward, or fail. The men of this world whose hands are filled with silver and gold, being blind to heavenly wealth, are not disposed to in-

vest money in the treasury of the Lord. They devote their all to secure and promote objects as impotent to promote happiness as the worship of an idol is to sanctify the heart. The cause of missions is a most glorious enterprise, and yet what a holding back by those who profess to love the Savior, and expect to swim eternally in an ocean of love and mercy. Men of masterly minds, and hearts glowing with piety, often come to us with the most solemn appeals, and soul-stirring arguments to wake us up to action in this heaven-born cause. We throw off a small part of our deadly slumbers; we do a little, and but a little, and then a worldly spirit comes over us again; and as Judas thought the ointment lost, that was poured on the Savior's head, so we seem to think that is lost which is given to impart the light of heaven to those who sit in the region and shadow of death. Will not the many thousands in this land of light, who have drank of the water of life, try to roll the stone from the mouth of the well, that others may drink and live?

I consider the bible and the missionary cause to be intimately connected. The missionary without the word of God, would be like a physician without medicines; and the scriptures without a living teacher, would be like medicines without a skilful hand to administer them. This cause, in point of utility and moral grandeur, rises high above all causes which enlist the sympathies of men on earth. The soul is exceedingly precious beyond human comprehension; and yet it bears the image of Satan, with whom it is in damnable affinity, and therefore is in danger of being endlessly wretched.

The gospel is the only system that can renovate and purify the heart; elevate the soul to God, and prepare a man to serve him here, and enjoy his smiles eternally in heaven. But this, the gospel can do; yea, it has done it times innumerable, and it has lost nothing of its saving power, for like its glorious author, it is the same yesterday, to-day and forever. That people are pronounced blessed, who know its joyful sound, a joyful sound indeed, for it proclaims liberty to the captive, and opening the prison to those who are bound. Those who have been healed by the balm of gilead, administered by the great physician, I am sure cannot be indifferent to the cause of missions, for where the healing power of the gospel is realized, it always produces compassion, benevolence and love; therefore its subjects will feel an ardent desire that others may richly share in its transforming and saving power. Every Christian ought to be the most anxious being to be found, in that day when God shall make up his jewels, among those who have made efforts to make known the savor of the knowledge of Christ in every place.

ADDRESS TO THE YOUNG.

A sincere solicitude for the best interest of the rising generation, inspires me to present to them a short address.

My dear fellow mortals: you live in an age of the world, and in a part of it where the human mind is not shackled by superstition and the dog-

mas of councils, kings and popes, in things relating to duty, to conscience, and to God. For such a state of things we ought to be truly thankful, but, nevertheless, like other good things, it is not without its dangers. While in nations vastly less favored, men are the vassals and slaves of kings and proud self-exalted ecclesiastics or religionists, and the most degrading superstition by them patronized and cherished, you are exposed to the evil of launching off into the region of skepticism and infidelity. And yet there is nothing more unreasonable. Would you despise the heavenly religion of the Redeemer because you breathe the air of freedom, and have the privilege of selecting your own creed; and of choosing your own path to heaven, in the absence of an earthly power to dragoon you into alliance with any religious creed? Because there are none to chastise you with scorpions to compel you to walk in the path to heaven which they have laid out, will you choose the road to destruction? Far less criminal will he be, who from the rocking cradle has been shrouded in the most debasing superstition and dictation of dark minded, cruel men; who walks in a path trodden only by unhallowed feet; than he who lives in a part of the world where the clearest light shines, showing the only way to heaven. You have presented to you the only true religion on earth; you are urged to embrace it, by arguments impressively weighty, drawn from time and eternity. There are none here to mould and fashion a religion for your acceptance, and then impose it upon you by flattery or by threats.

Be assured my young friends, that Satan infi-

ately hates Christianity; because in its progress and triumph, it has greatly foiled him, and made the most portentous inroads upon his kingdom. His hand was active in bringing death into the world, and by dying, and rising from the dead, the Son of God has destroyed him that had the power of death, and abolished death and brought life and immortality to light.

Let me here say to you that Satan, with a view to your ruin and the dishonor of Christ, will employ every art to lead you to discredit Christianity; and thus secure your personal impiety and the loss of your souls. As Christianity is the only system that can renovate human nature, dislodge Satan from the soul of lost man, restore to him the divine image, unite him to the kingdom of light and love and prepare him for eternal blessedness; it is to be expected that he who "geeth about as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour" will exert all his influence to prejudice men against it. Therefore, the apostolic exhortations cannot sink too deep into our hearts. "Resist the devil, and he will flee from you." And, "Give no place to the devil."

Be entreated, my young friends, never to entertain scruples respecting the divine inspiration of the Christian system. It has outlived millions of its most subtle enemies, and it will live, multiply and increase in the transformation of human character, and in sanctifying the church, and in converting the moral wilderness of this world into a splendid cultivated field, bringing forth the fruits of righteousness to the glory and praise of God.

And when I plead with you not to reject Christianity entirely, I would likewise suggest to you

the danger of muzzling the mouth of any portion of the sacred word because it proclaims your sinfulness and danger. Men in every age have strove hard to make it appear that a sinful life does not prepare the way for an awful reckoning, when God shall bring every work into judgment; in fine, they are fond to believe that in a sinful life there is no danger. But an apostle says:—"Be not deceived, God is not mocked; for whatever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

This short declaration annihilates every argument employed to prove that a wicked life will not end disastrously. Vain effort indeed. Men and doctrines which would lead you to feel secure in a state of alienation from God, you may justly view as snares set for your feet. There were false prophets among the true prophets of the Lord, and the former said to the wicked that they should have peace; and the latter said that it would surely go ill with them. This was the principle in which they differed; and this is a leading feature in which ministers differ at the present time. The preaching of one class accords with depraved human nature, and the other exhorts the wicked to flee from the wrath to come.

All good ministers with earnestness enforce this doctrine of the Savior, "I tell you nay; but except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." Suffer me to remind you of the preciousness of time; its value can hardly be computed. The Savior said, "I must work while it is day, the night cometh when no man can work." He had no time to lose, and the same is true of us all.

And yet how many golden hours are wasted in idleness, or in pursuits which dishonor God,

and load the soul with guilt. We are commanded to "redeem the time because the days are evil." This holy command is never obeyed by engaging in scenes of mirth and folly, to which persons in the morning of life are much disposed. Time is as precious to the young as to the aged, and its continuance to them is equally as uncertain. Upon the dying-bed, how many have been stung to the heart by reflecting upon their mispent hours. They had been at the card table, at the horse race, at the wrestling match, in the play room, when they ought to have been prosecuting some useful business, or in pious devotion to God. You ought to remember that every hour of your life takes strong hold upon eternity, and this should be most seriously considered, as your precious hours and days are fast making their report of you in the ear of eternity. Let me say that you will doubtless in all futurity look upon the morning of life, as the most important part of your history. Youth seems to hold the same relation to old age and death, that spring does to harvest and dreary winter, when the face of the earth and the waters are bound in icy chains.

At this time, good or bad habits are fastened upon us for life; the mind must be stored with knowledge; otherwise ignorance, the blast of happiness, will reign through life. Above all, in the days of youth, the heart and affections should be given to Christ, the Son of God, and Savior of the wretched and lost. It is an affecting consideration, that but very few who pass through youth and middle life, in an impenitent state, ever give evidence of a gracious change in subse-

quent life. And there is no preparatory work done in the grave.

Let me entreat you, my young friends, never to waste your time in a ball-room, nor at theatres; for I can assure you that both smooth the way to utter darkness, where there is wailing and ghashing of teeth. Here let me introduce two passages of scripture:—"Remember now thy Creator, in the days of thy youth." "Exhort young men to be sober minded." A compliance with these solemn requisitions would lead the young as far from the above amusements, as the prayer room and serious thoughts concerning judgment and death could place them. Revelry and hilarity, and the agonies of a dying bed, the shroud, the coffin and the grave, look upon each other with no sympathy, but with an awful frown. When you are invited and tempted to participate in the above scenes, say with the pious and youthful Joseph,—“How can I commit this great evil, and sin against God?” And like him, flee from temptation; keep a clear conscience, and secure the favor of God; and so with you, you will be useful in life, and “die the death of the righteous, and your last end be like his.” A prophet said: “Thus saith the Lord, consider your ways.” And I pray you to consider that the sinful pleasures of life will prove bitterness in the latter end. Therefore, like Moses, prefer “suffering with the people of God for a season, rather than enjoy the pleasures of sin,” and so place at hazard your highest interest.

I would earnestly advise all my youthful friends to read attentively the life and death of the Savior of the world, and the source of life and the

sacrifices which he said were requisite, in order to lay up treasure in heaven, and he finally acknowledged as his in the presence of the holy angels. A young man once wished another "A short life and a merry damnation." A dreadful wish, truly. But to assure a person that he can live a prayerless, thoughtless, merry life, denying Christ before men, and be certain of enjoying a sober heaven, would not be much less absurd. My dear fellow mortals, if you ever gain the heavenly prize, you must renounce the pleasures of sin; you must bear the cross of Christ, and for him forsake father, mother, brother, sister, and your life, and fight the good fight of faith; run and strive to obtain the sacred boon of everlasting life. Thus I learn from the word of God. If you and I lack these peculiarities, we shall never sit down in heaven with those who followed the Lamb whither he went.

Furthermore, you cannot be too strongly guarded against being poisoned by anti-christian books. An apostle said, "Many false prophets have gone out into the world;" and I presume the number of demoralizing books exceeds them. Satan is not confined to one method of promoting a sinful cause, but they are numerous; and of those, the press is not the least. Thousands have been misled by its erroneous productions, both in politics and religion. Which numbers the most presses on his side, Christ or the devil, I am not able to tell, but I think the latter could claim the largest portion of them. Glorious are the results of a free press; but yet not purely such, for by this means the enemy scatters broadcast much bad seed. Many impure communications are couched

in the most beautiful and fascinating language. It is like a poison gilded pill of deadly quality. You ought to be quite as cautious of bad books as of bad company, lest your feet should be entangled in the net of error, and so held eternally from walking in the testimonies of the Lord.

Let me entreat you to consider the goodness of God in bringing within your reach a host of good books, suited to your age and capacities, all tending to lead you into the path which the Savior trod, which most surely leads to heaven. The friends of Christ take a deep interest in your salvation; they ardently desire that you may be found among his lambs in the day when he will make up his jewels. And they are sensible that in order to walk in the path of life, you will have to contend, not only with the wicked, deceitful heart, but also with bad example, bad preaching, bad reading, and apostate spirits.

They realize that there is a flood of influence, smoothing before you the path that leads to a happy state; therefore, they utter from the press and otherwise, the voice of alarm to those whom they consider in imminent danger. Persons in the morning of life are much inclined to levity and sinful pleasure. And this inclination, with many, ends not with their youth; but they are light hearted and merry when their sun has passed its meridian. There can be no good reason assigned why the aged ought to be consistent, sober, and prayerful, which does not apply with equal force to the young. They are fallen creatures, exposed to the ills of life, the pains of life, and to the loss of the soul forever. The calls to early piety are numerous and weighty. The word of God re-

quites it; the providences of God urge it; the dangers attending a wicked life press upon the duty. The danger lies in an increase of impiety and hardness of heart, and of being called suddenly to give an account of the deeds done in the body. We read: "And I say unto you all, watch; for in such an hour as ye think not, the son of man cometh." And moreover, those who give their hearts to the Lord in the early part of their existence, prepare the way for a peaceful old age, if the providence of God allows them to number many days. They will enjoy the cheering reflection that they have not given their youth and maturer days to the service of sin and Satan, in which case they would be harrassed with the thought that God will not accept of the dregs of life, because in brighter days he said, "Depart from me, I desire not the knowledge of thy ways." And besides, what to an aged person can be more cheering than the reflection that he has set a pious example before his fellow men, from the cradle to the coffin; that in the protracted path of life he has sown good seed, the fruit of which will not give him anguish, but joy in the hour of death and judgment.

TO THE AGED.

Before I lay down my pen, I would say a few things to the aged. Dear brethren and sisters:—Our lengthened shadows indicate the near approach of death, when no man can work. Let us remember that during our protracted lives we

have, as moral agents accountable to God, been forming a character for an eternal state of existence; yea, every day and hour, we have, under the eye of God, been the subjects of exercises and volitions, pious or impious, and which should to us be a matter of most serious consideration. We have from the cradle lived under a dispensation of mercy; the lines have fallen to us in a pleasant place; we have been blest with pious monitors and teachers, who have deeply interested themselves in our present and eternal happiness. We have been lectured upon themes infinitely important, not only by Moses and the prophets, but by Christ and the Apostles; and it is truly affecting to think of the number of Sabbaths which we have enjoyed. Seventy years would give us three thousand six hundred and forty of those precious days given for scriptural improvement, and to help us on to that eternal Sabbath which remains for the people of God. It is now certain that our years and Sabbaths and gospel privileges are principally behind us; as our remaining time must be short indeed. And therefore we ought most seriously to inquire how the case stands with us; whether we have given our hearts to Christ, the only Savior, and rest wholly upon his merits to justify us before God, and save us from the wrath to come. How unwise we are if we have lived three score and ten years, to forget that we were born to die. It was our solemn duty to have sought first the kingdom of God and his righteousness; and if we have neglected the great salvation to this late hour, how affecting is our situation! It is more than probable that the character which we now possess will

adhere to us like the leprosy of Gehazi, until our sun sits to rise no more.

But yet, blessed be God, there are a few scriptures which may, if rightly received, save an aged sinner from despair. "With him that is joined to all the living there is hope, for a living dog is better than a dead lion." And we read that those that entered the "vineyard at the eleventh hour received every man a penny." We read also,— "He that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out." These are precious words to the aged, who ought to be deeply affected with their precarious standing, and strive to enter at the straight gate. An aged sinner, on a sick and dying bed, once said that "he was very wretched in view of seventy years misspent, and millions in anticipation, not to be endured." For a moral agent to close a protracted life in enmity to God, is overwhelming indeed; and should lead to the earnest cry, "Lord, save, or I perish." A man who has lived an idle, dissipated life until he is bending over the grave blasted with poverty, could not by any possibility repair to himself and family the waste and wretchedness of gone-by years. But the aged sinner who returns to God and embraces the Savior, is sure of the pardon of all his sins, and a gracious acceptance of his heavenly Father. It is neither the number nor the magnitude of our sins which will shut us out of heaven; but the utter refusal of the great salvation. If, with our grey hairs, we return to God, we shall most certainly be reckoned among those "who having much forgiven, shall love much," and admire the grace which pardons the sins of a protracted life. Nothing is more precious than probationary time,

even to the young; but its value is greatly enhanced to those who have taken their leave of seventy years, and must of course soon enter upon that night in which no man can work. Beyond this world there is no probation; "there is no device nor work in the grave whither they are hastening."

CONCLUSION.

I would here inform the reader that when I was first married I lived in Fairlee, Vermont, near the northern line of Thetford. It was distant from any place of worship, and the people were very immoral and irreligious, almost to a man. The Sabbath was totally disregarded. Hunting, fishing, and visiting were as common as the return of the day, and there was none to raise his voice against such wide-spread iniquity. At length a man by the name of Lawrence came into the place, who, with his wife, was very pious. Like Zachariah and Elizabeth, they walked in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord, blameless. They were Baptists. She was sister to Holden, the great musician in Charlestown, Mass. Lawrence was grieved at the state of things, and his spirit was stirred within him. Therefore, he took pains to bring in elders to preach Christ unto the people. Hibbard, of whom I have spoken, was the principal laborer, and the most successful. Soon the face of things was changed. The cry, "What must I do to be saved," was heard, and numbers professed faith in Christ.

But the opposition was appalling and dreadful. The Philistines, I presume, were not more offended at Sampson for burning their standing corn, than were the people of the place with Lawrence, the deacon, for introducing a work among them which was hostile to their carnal repose. They viewed him as the troubler of the people, not of Israel, certainly. I heard an aged man say that he wished the deacon was in hell, and his tannery also.

Baptizing commenced. Of those who assembled to witness the novel scene, some were serious and anxious, others were light and vain. There was not wanting angry despisers. But the humble said this is truly apostolic. Glory to God. The people met to worship God, not only on the Sabbath, but also on other days. This was thought highly reprehensible. The language of Pharaoh was restored: "Ye are idle, ye are idle." While opposers cursed, Lawrence prayed. And with his bow and crown the Captain of Salvation rode on, conquering his enemies, while the hearts of his saints were made glad. Great opposition was made to immersion, which was not unfrequent at that time. A young convert sent to the minister to come and lead her into the water on profession of faith. Her husband was stung to the heart, and said if she caught cold and was sick, she should pay her doctor, for he would not. But she stood as firm as a rock, adhering to her purpose, trusting in the Savior to carry her through. After the lecture on the occasion, I saw him lead her to the water, and go back to the house with his eyes suffused with tears. The aged man who would sink Lawrence to perdition,

was stricken with an arrow from the quiver of the Almighty. He cried, "I am lost." In the night watches he said, "Must I be a companion of devils eternally?" He called on Lawrence often, and earnestly requested him to pray for him. There was no man in whom he had an equal measure of confidence. There was ground for hope that this aged blasphemer shared of the renovating influences of heavenly grace.

When the converts were giving a reason of their hope, preparatory to baptism, one would say that he happened to come up to the deacon's door when he was engaged in prayer, and that it took serious hold upon him. Another that he was struck by hearing him pray in public on the Sabbath. And another that he was awakened by his public exhortations. The deacon upon hearing such notices of his performances, would let off a shower of tears, and say from his heart, "let God have the praise, for the work is surely his." This eminent servant of God did not possess talents above mediocrity; but his heart was deeply imbued with the spirit of his divine Master. His prayers seemed like holy wrestling with God, and therefore availed much. He was strictly calvinistic in his doctrinal views. His beloved wife was equally pious, and a true yoke-fellow until the day of her death. By the influence of this good man, a church was constituted in the place, as a permanent light to the community. The church has from its infancy been blest with a pious ministry generally, and the morals of society greatly improved. In this church the deacon found a peaceful home, until he was called to join the church triumphant.

I will here introduce a rather pleasing affair, which occurred at an evening lecture got up by the deacon. The preacher's name was Stone; a bright, shrewd man, a total stranger in the place. There was, at the lecture, an aged man, a most bitter enemy to the Baptists: not because he was a Congregationalist, but for the want of piety. I had a great desire to draw this man and the preacher into an argument on baptism, and open communion. I commenced the discourse in hope that the aged opposer would soon be glad to engage in the controversy. I was at this time a Pedobaptist; though not a little shaken in my views of baptism. I insinuated that it mattered little, or nothing, whether the rite was performed by sprinkling or immersion; provided sincerity was not wanting.

Mr. Stone, to refute me, proposed the following case: A man about to leave home, for days, says to his son, 'I wish you to draw my likeness in my absence, and I want it done correctly.' The young man prepares himself for the work; a swine passes the door, and he says to himself, 'it will be much easier to draw the likeness of said animal, than my father; a picture is but a picture; so I will draw a perfect likeness of a swine.' He does it. His father returns and calls on his son to present his likeness. He presents his labored picture. The father says, 'this is not my likeness; you have violated my order.' The son makes a slimy defence, but does not satisfy his insulted parent.

Here the preacher said in application, that God had required us to draw his likeness, and that it must be done to order, and that he would accept

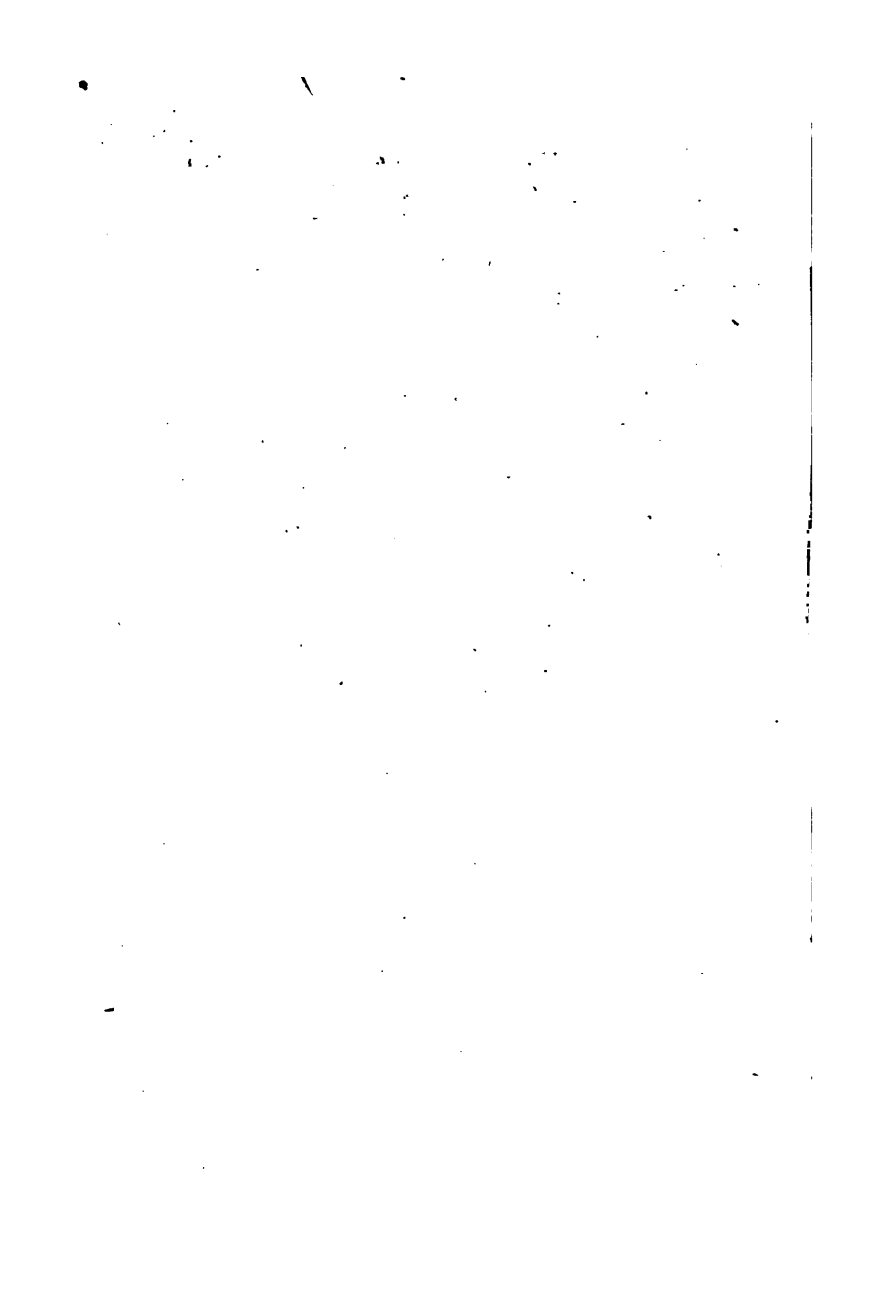
of nothing as a substitute. Whether this figure was well chosen or not, I will leave others to decide ; but however, it was severely felt, and no tongue moved in opposition.

With the writer the tide of life runs low,
Yet his dying day he does not know ;
This great event to God is known,
Writ in a book chained to his throne.

How short the space from youth to age,
O may this truth my thoughts engage
And lead my heart to rise above,
Where lives and reigns incarnate love.

Farewell to all my brethren dear,
By birth and blood you are most dear ;
Christ's precious cause may you maintain,
In this you'll find eternal gain.

By faith resist the wiles of hell,
And when the victory's won you'll tell
The mighty heavens of Christ your King,
And of his grace most sweetly sing.



APPENDIX.

A FUNERAL SERMON,

Delivered at the Funeral of Capt. Samuel Comings, of Cornish, N. H., January 8, 1826.

PRECIOUS IN THE SIGHT OF THE LORD IS THE DEATH OF HIS SAINTS.—Psalms cxvi. 15.

Death is an event certain to all, and dreaded by most. The unwelcome thought steals into the minds of the sons and daughters of pleasure, and suggests the idea that their breath and their pleasures must soon pass away; and for a moment their laughter is turned into mourning, and their joy into heaviness, and with a heaving sigh, they wish that their lives and their pleasures had the stamp of immortality; and even the truly pious are not all calm, when they look forward to the hour which shall dissolve their earthly tabernacle, change their mode of existence and introduce them into the world of spirits. But the providence of God overrules all opposition, and confirms the solemn declaration, "It is appointed unto all men once to die, and after death the judgment."

Death levels all distinctions of a worldly nature, disannuls human purposes and puts an everlasting period to all the dreams of life, and introduces man into that

world where uncertainty dies, and changes are unknown. But however much death is dreaded by the people of God, it is nevertheless precious in his sight ; and whatever is precious in his sight, must be desirable indeed.

In discoursing upon these words, I shall first delineate the character of a saint, and secondly show on what account his death is precious in the sight of the Lord.

1. A saint is a person whose faith and life agree with the oracles of God ; which oracles are adapted to our rational nature, and our fallen state. In his primeval state, a revelation declaratory of infinite mercy would have been unnecessary, and of course premature. In his state of innocence, man looked to the law as his husband and defence ; and possessing holiness, in nature and measure agreeing with the law, he had peace within and peace without ; with a heart of sinless holiness, he was in friendship with all holy beings in the universe, and of course, enjoyed the favor and smiles of all.

None can tell the exact time in which man continued in a state of holiness, but all agree that it was very limited.

There are some things respecting the fall of man which are wrapped in mystery, and so must remain, I presume, until the chronicles of heaven shall develope what hitherto has not been revealed. But we are instructed to believe that man fell from his original holy and happy state, by transgressing a positive command of God, in relation to the tree of knowledge of good and evil ; and we are moreover taught that it was the pleasure of God to constitute such a connexion between Adam and his posterity, as to render it certain that his departure from God would surely carry all his posterity into a state of death ; that is, they would possess the character, and find themselves in the condition of their sin ruined father. It appears from the sacred word, that God had thoughts of mercy concerning our fallen race, and to make this known, is one grand design of

the Bible—that marvellous book, in which we are taught that by nature we are all children of disobedience and of wrath, and that by the deeds of the law no flesh can be justified in the sight of God ; and moreover, cursed is every one who continueth not in all things written in the book of the law, to do them.

The gospel glories in an atonement by the great high priest of the Christian profession. Yea, we read that “ God so loved the world as to give his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him, might not perish, but have everlasting life.” The most prominent rituals of the Old Testament and the prophets pointed to the Savior of men, and the holy evangelists, guided by the Holy Ghost, insist that God has “ fulfilled the mercy promised,” “ in that he has raised up unto his people an horn of salvation in the house of his servant David.” Those holy men, having in a clear and convincing manner set forth the advent of Christ, his sinless life, his miracles, his doctrines, together with his painful death, and glorious resurrection, command all to repent and believe in him with all the heart. Whoever now complies with these divine requirements, and who sets to his seal that God is true, doubtless possesses the character of a saint, or Christian, and is entitled to the blessings of the new and “ everlasting covenant.”

2. Where this faith is enjoyed, correspondent fruit will not be wanting. “ Make the tree good, and the fruit will be good also.” This is a divine maxim, let it support or depress whom it may.

The apostle James challenges the faith of all whose fruit does not correspond with the gospel ; “ show me thy faith,” said he, “ without thy works, and I will show thee my faith by my works.” The legitimate offspring of true faith, is practical piety, which implies the holy worship of God in secret, private and public, and includes reading the sacred scriptures, meditation, prayer and praise, and a delightful attendance upon the

ordinances of the gospel, and all the means of grace and knowledge, with which we are blessed by the kind author of our existence and salvation. The pious Psalmist said, "how amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts." "In thy temple shall every one speak of thy glory." "Bless ye the Lord, and worship at his footstool."

I now pass to show wherein the death of a saint is precious in the sight of the Lord.

1. The Lord takes an interest in all that is important and interesting to his people; and surely death will be considered as a vastly weighty event in the everlasting history of their existence. The dissolution of the body is a clear fulfilment of the divine threatening—"Dust thou art," from the dust thou wast taken, "and unto dust shalt thou return;" and considered in this light, it is in the sight of the Lord a desirable occurrence. God realizes a holy pleasure in the fulfilment of his most dreadful denunciations.

2. In the dissolution of the body, God manifests his holy indignation against sin. Death was introduced into the world by sin, and in the pains of death God manifested his holy displeasure against it, and in none more clearly than those whom the text includes; excepting, however, his beloved Son, in whose agonies there was the highest possible display of his infinite disapprobation of all iniquity. Every painful event in the universe is in consequence of moral depravity; and therein we discover its malignant nature, and the holiness of the "Lawgiver, who is able to save and destroy." The fact that death to a saint is his passport to endless joy, cannot be urged against the above reasoning; for God said to his people of old, "You only have I known of all the families of the earth; therefore will I punish you for all your iniquities;" and moreover, "As many as I love I rebuke and chasten." In re-

baking and chastening his people, the Holy one of Israel declares his abhorrence of all moral impurity ; and yet all things, yea, even death itself, will produce a most happy result to the saints. According to the above reasoning, we discover that the death of a saint is precious in the sight of the Lord.

3. In the hour of death, the people of God, at least many of them, display a measure of firmness and composure of mind, which strikingly manifests the truth and power of the gospel. A multitude have virtually opened their bosoms to the shafts of the King of terrors, and they have even smiled in the cold embrace of death. In this trying scene, none renounce the gospel ; but, on the contrary, many, yea, all the pious cleave to it as a palladium and anchor of hope. The system of revealed truth is surely from God. An apostle calls it "the glorious gospel of the blessed God ;" therefore every event which is calculated to display its blessedness, efficacy and saving power, must be pleasing in the sight of God. To see persons, who in other things are timorous, standing upon the shore of Jordan, seeing the waves roll high, with undaunted spirit, willing to bid adieu to friends, and life and time, and descend into the dark and silent tomb, in hope of a glorious immortality ; it proves the gospel to be the power of God unto salvation, to every one who believeth. In view of such a scene, an infidel might with propriety say, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

4. Death is an event well calculated to give the saint increasing conviction and experience of the preciousness of the blessed Redeemer. An apostle said, "Unto you who believe, he is precious ;" and he is indeed so to the Christian, when he is first brought out of darkness into marvellous light. And as he progresses in sanctification, his views of Christ will be more clear

and consistent, and his love will be more ardent and constant; and especially in the hour of dissolution, when the saint, with his eyes open, will look backward and forward, downward and upward.—i. e., upon his native depravity, his many sins, and the strict scrutiny which awaits him at the seat of judgment,—the grave, as the receptacle of his languishing body,—and eternity, his everlasting home; with these things bearing on the mind, with a certain expectation of passing to the world of spirits in a few moments, to hear his final sentence at the mouth of his omniscient Judge;—thus conditioned, a mortal, yea, a pious mortal, will realize his crying need of the gracious offices of the almighty and gracious Redeemer. And we have abundant evidence in the sacred word, that the eternal Father supremely delights in the Son of his love, and therefore requires us all to honor the Son as we do the Father; and as the dying Christian realizes more than ever his need of Christ, and has more enlarged views of his fullness and sufficiency, it seems that his death, in the above view of it, is truly precious in the sight of the Lord.

5. We are taught in the scriptures, that the Lord loves his people with an everlasting love, and of course nothing can separate them from it; and it is abundantly evident that love inclines the professor of it to seek the happiness of those who are the objects of it, and every holy being delights in giving proofs of love by the performance of those acts which are its legitimate offspring, and in which those who are favored will see and realize the good will of the donor. And surely the death of the saints affords our heavenly Father an opportunity to manifest his love and tenderness to them, in giving them support in that most trying hour, while passing through the vale of death, where to reach them every finite arm would be infinitely too weak and short. The Psalmist said, "Though I walk through the dark valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with

me; thy red and thy staff, they comfort me." Therefore, the death of a saint is precious in the sight of the Lord.

A pious poet thus writes :—

" O, glorious hour ! O, blest abode !
I shall be near and like my God ;
I shall behold his blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness."

And another saith :—

" Death is our subterranean road to bliss ;
We dive in death to rise in fairer suns.
When shall I die ? when shall I live forever ?"

I add the words of another :—

" Ye wheels of nature, speed your course,
Ye mortal powers, decay ;
Fast as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day."

6. Their death will be precious in the sight of the Lord, inasmuch as it will terminate their sufferings and their sorrows, and introduce them to scenes of ineffable joy in the immediate presence of the Lord, according to the sacred prayer of Christ—" Father, I will that those whom thou hast given me may be with me, where I am, that they may behold my glory." The Revelator said, " I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, ' Write, blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, from henceforth, saith the Spirit ; for they shall rest from their labors, and their works do follow them.' " God has promised to his people a vast inheritance, but the principal part of it lies beyond the grave ; and in order to possess the purchased and promised possession, they must break every mortal tie, quit this vale of sense, and so gain the perfection of their spiritual nature and take possession of infinite felicity in the immediate presence of God and the Lamb. I say, God has promised to his saints, endless happiness in heaven. Hence the great

change of death, which is their passport to the promised bliss, must be precious in the sight of the Lord.

7. The resurrection of the body, the last great glorious act which Christ as Mediator will perform in favor of his saints before he resigns the Mediatorial kingdom, depends on their dissolution. We are wholly dependent upon divine revelation for information and evidence respecting the resurrection of the dead ; but aided by this divine light, we realize both its certainty and its glory. We deem it correct to say that the resurrection will be one of the most grand and sublime events recorded in the history of divine operations ; and it is an event in which the saints take a lively interest.

The resurrection of Christ was a divine seal, set to the truth of his doctrine and the glory of his character ; and moreover, it is a sure pledge of the resurrection of his chosen people. An apostle tells us that the bodies of the saints are sown in corruption, in weakness and in dishonor ; and that they will be raised in honor, in incorruption and in glory ; and the power of God in calling up the millions of his people, some of whom will have been under the power of death during the lapse of ages, and in clothing them in all the beauty of original organization and life, will be most surprising and astonishing ; and this great transaction will finish the Mediatorial work, office and kingdom of Christ, and the affairs of the universe will be settled for eternity. If the resurrection will be a glorious event, then we see why the death of the saints is precious in the sight of the Lord.

IMPROVEMENT.

1. From this subject, we learn that death, an appalling and dreadful event considered in itself, is, through the abundant mercy and goodness of God, rendered subservient to the happiness of his children and his own declarative glory.

2. The people of God ought not to repine nor murmur at the thought of dying, but possess a cheerful resignation to the divine will, and bless God that "life and immortality are brought to light by the Gospel," and that through grace the death of the pious is precious in the sight of the Lord, and will be, and will appear so to them, when it shall be swallowed up in victory.

3. If the death of a saint be precious in the sight of the Lord, the death of a wicked and ungodly man must and will be as different as his character is. "The wicked is driven away in his wickedness; but the righteous hath hope in his death." For a saint "to live, is Christ, and to die, is gain."

4. In the light of our subject, we perceive the vast importance of gospel piety, composed of holy love, repentance towards God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. Such, and only such, have the promise that all things shall work together for their good, and that their great change will be precious in the sight of the Lord, and truly and eternally so to them.

May God in his infinite mercy lead us to all sincere repentance, and enable us to live the life of the righteous, that our death and eternal state may be like his.

ADDRESSES.

My aged Friend and Sister :—The relationship of yourself and our aged father, which is now dissolved, was the first in nature and kind which ever existed upon earth; that is, the relation of husband and wife. God created man, male and female, and by his own sacred hand he united the first pair of our race. From this relationship and union have arisen those of every grade of an earthly nature. Whatever of love and friendship subsists between other relations, is more than realized by those in the relation which God has this day dissolved. Twice, madam, you have consented to the

marriage vow, and twice has heaven released you from the obligation, by giving your dear companions into the hand of death. This second stroke has fallen upon you when far advanced in days, and under a weight of years; your strength much wasted, and your capacity to endure, very limited. Thus conditioned, your sorrow of heart must be weighty indeed. But remember, beloved sister, that he who afflicts you is infinitely able to support and carry you in the hand of his mercy through the severest storm, and cause all things to work for your everlasting good. Trust in the Savior, and he will be your God and Judge in his holy habitation. A prophet said, "when my soul fainted within me, I remembered the Lord, and my prayer came even into his holy temple." May it be thus with you; remember the power, goodness and mercy of God, and you will not greatly faint. May this solemn stroke in the evening of life, be a means of preparing you abundantly for your great change, which your age predicts to be just at hand.

May the Lord bless you, and render the evening of your life pleasant, and may your sun set in peace, and your latter end be glorious.

Dear Children:—You this day mourn the loss of your only earthly parent, and your loss is indeed very considerable; but far less than it would have been thirty years ago, when he was in active life, and you dependent upon him for support and instruction. He had done all for you which he could; he watched over your infant days, he instructed you in the time of youth, and has doubtless prayed often and fervently for your salvation. He has lived to see you settled in the world, and has viewed with delight your rising offspring. But his parental labors and duties are finished forever—death has shut up the scene—his ears, which were once attentive to your calls, are deaf to the loudest thunder—and his eyes, which have looked upon you and your children

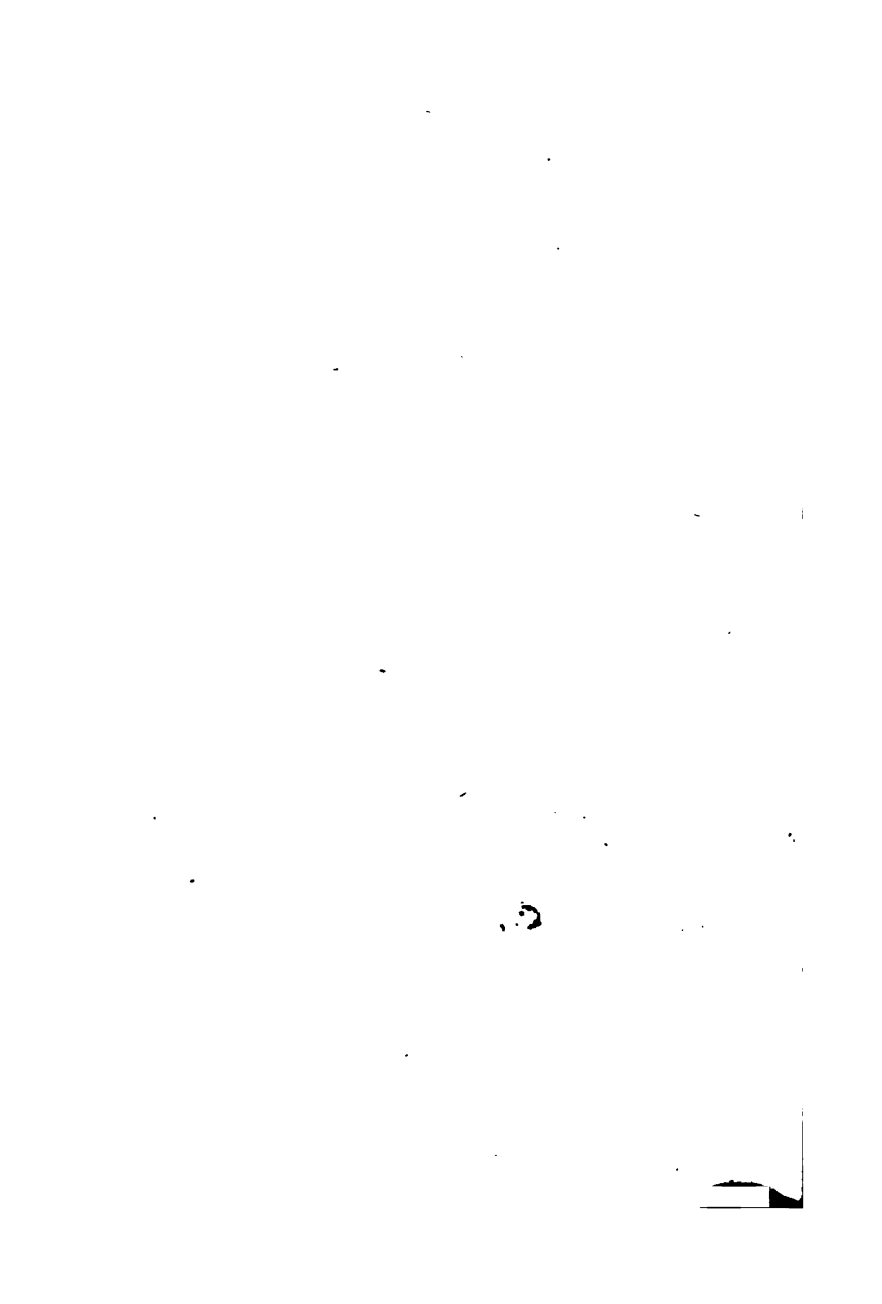
with emotions of delight, are now closed forever—and his heart, which once beat high with friendly care, has sunk to rest; and may you all piously submit to this holy bereavement, and say the will of the Lord be done; and may you be thankful that during so many years you enjoyed so valuable a parent. And now he has gone to the other world, I entreat you to live in peace with each other, and may you be emulous imitators of his virtues; and thus glorify God in life, that so your death may be precious in his sight, and you truly happy forever.

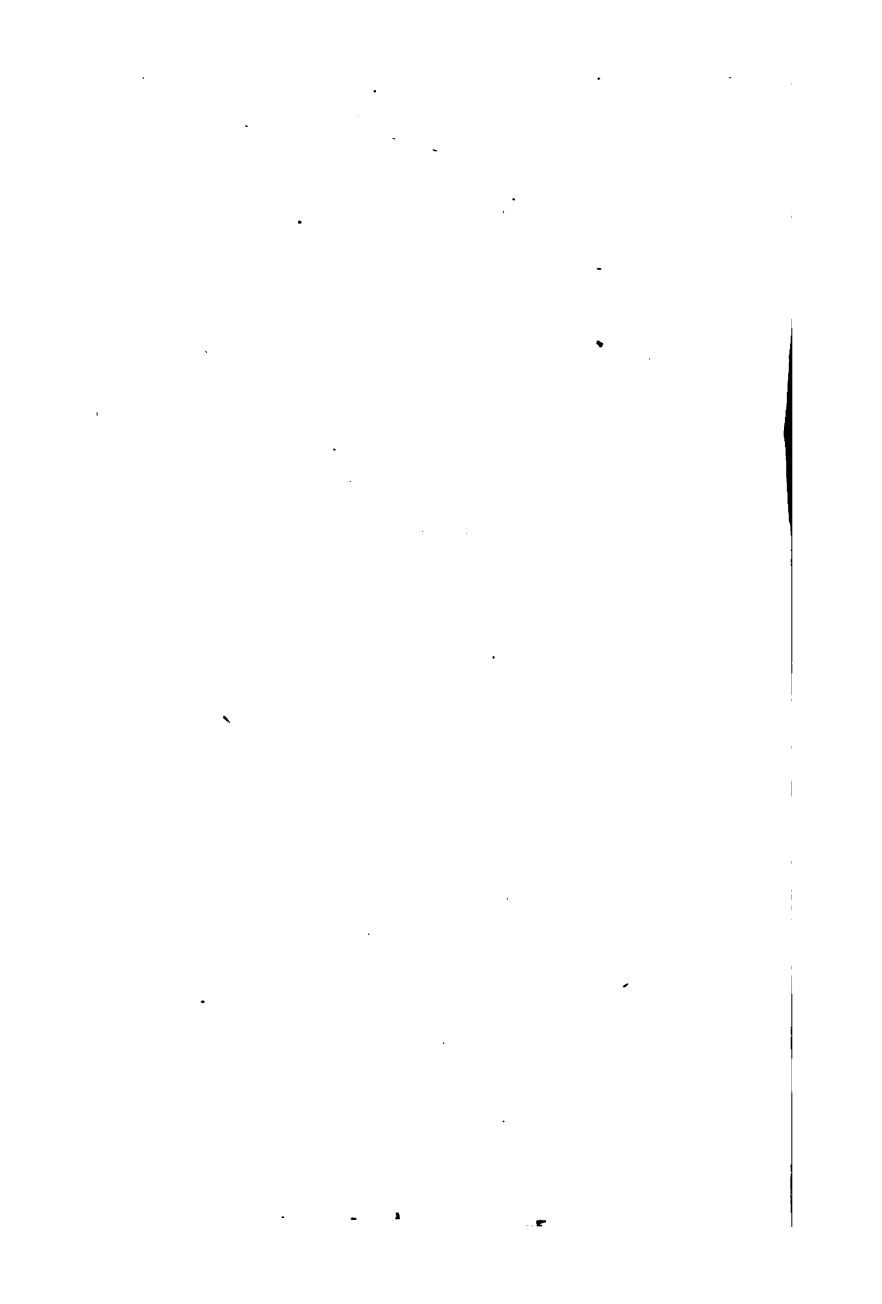
I now turn to the only surviving brother and sister-in-law. Death, the great destroyer, has been making inroads upon your relatives, until their number is very small. You, sir, I think, are the only survivor of a numerous family; therefore, to you this stroke must be indeed very painful, and much so to your companion, and also to her who is the aged widow of an elderly brother, who has long since been in the grave. May God in much mercy smile upon you all in this sore bereavement, and give you to realize that the chastisements of heaven are in infinite rectitude, and that the Judge of all the earth does right. While thus, dear relatives, one after another are called from your tender embraces to the world of spirits, may it serve to wean you more abundantly from creatures, and attach you to the adorable Creator, through the only Savior of lost men.

The church of which our deceased father was a member, has abundant cause of sorrow on this occasion; not that his life was unchristian, and his character stained with iniquity, and that darkness covers his name and latter end; nay, they have cause to mourn departed worth; for he eminently adorned his profession by an exhibition of those graces, which we trust are now matured unto glory. His hope of salvation rested on the

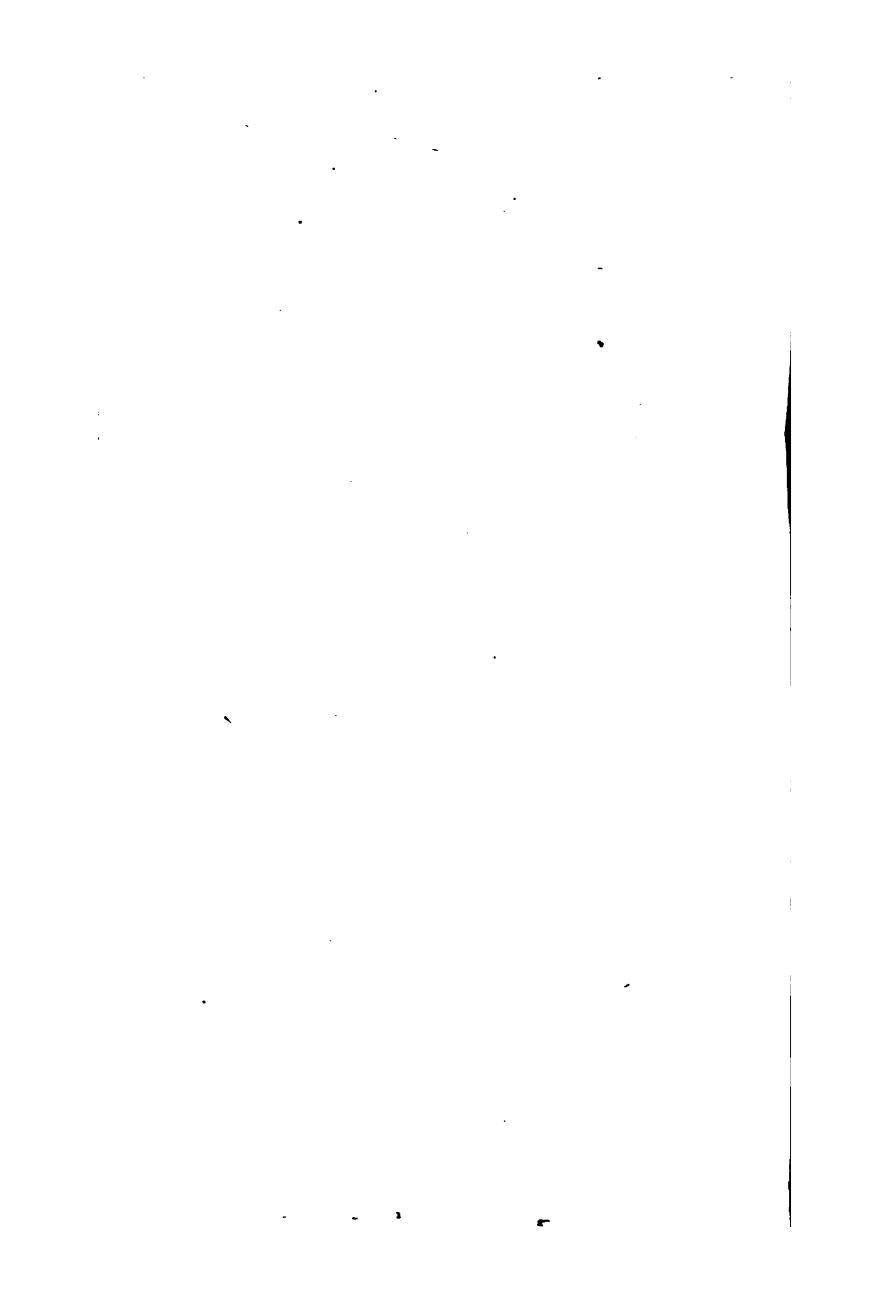
Lord Jesus; and believing that the members should resemble their Head in point of moral excellence, he seemed to be a constant follower of his divine Master. With how little piety he might just pass through the gate of life, was not his inquiry, but he had respect unto all God's commands, in the keeping of which there is great reward. He was truly a man of prayer, and he delighted in all the duties of the sanctuary, and here his seat was never vacant, unless God forbid his filling it. When his brethren erred, he was always grieved, but he never grieved his brethren. In one good trait of character I never saw him outdone: that is, the government of the tongue. Believing that those who preach the gospel ought to live of the gospel, he was cheerful and liberal in their support. In the missionary cause he took a lively interest; believing that there was water in the well of life, he was willing to assist in rolling the stone from its mouth, that others might drink and live forever. But death has put a period to the life and usefulness of our venerable father. He has pronounced his valedictory, and retired; and we confidently hope that he was called from the imperfect family of Christ below, to fill a glorious seat among the perfected family above.

May we humbly thank Christ for his hopeful piety and his usefulness, and be resigned to his death, and with all Christians, prepare to follow him.—Amen.











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